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EDITORIAL

THE BUCK VANISHES

The Justice Department's schizophrenic attitude toward warrantless searches caused the Government to drop its prosecution of former Acting F.B.I. Director L. Patrick Gray in the Weather Underground break-ins. Last week, a Federal judge let off Gray's subordinates, Mark Felt and Edward Miller, who had been convicted of ordering the illegal entries, with token sentences.

A number of ironies envelop the proceedings. Gray was originally supposed to stand trial with the other two defendants, but had his case severed, claiming successfully that he would be caught in a "hostile crossfire" as Miller joined the prosecutors in pointing the finger of blame at him for authorizing the illegal break-ins. In 1978, the indictment of retired agent John J. Kearney was dropped on the grounds that Kearney was only following "orders" of his superiors, Felt and Miller. The superiors have now been let off with fines, although prison sentences of up to ten years could have been imposed, and the case against *their* superior—the putative giver of all orders—was dropped by the Justice Department because the evidence was "unconvincing." Thus, the buck stops nowhere.

The reason for prosecuting all of these former F.B.I. officials was to eradicate the ethos of lawlessness that dominated J. Edgar Hoover's Bureau and to break the bonds of an autonomous brotherhood that had defied accountability for its actions. The final disposition of the case is at least a moral victory for the defendants, but more troubling is the lesson that will be taken by the Bureau cadre who packed the courtroom, publicly demonstrated in their behalf and contributed generously to their defense. Miller-Felt-Gray suffered the punishment of indictment and prosecution, but will their successors have to worry about even that under a Reagan Justice Department?

PURGE IN HAITI
Karen Payne

THE TRIDENT MISSILE
Robert C. Aldridge

SOCIALISTS IN WASHINGTON
Ronald Radosh

GREECE AND NATO
Sari Gilbert

'WHISTLE BLOWING'
Nicholas von Hoffman

'WHOLE EARTH' REVISITED
Sue M. Halpern

PLUTONIUM PRODUCTION

THE D.O.E.'S HAZARDOUS WASTE

ELAINE DOUGLASS

I would put D.O.E.'s nuclear-waste tanks holding high-level waste from military activities under N.R.C. regulatory control. I really don't see the national security problem. N.R.C. talked about it for a year with D.O.E., and I never heard anything specific beyond that this may be the camel's nose in the tent.

—Nuclear Regulatory Commissioner Victor Gilinsky, before a committee of Congress, September 1979

For the past thirty-five years, the Atomic Energy Commission and now the Department of Energy have been manufacturing plutonium for nuclear weapons. As a result of these operations, the Federal Government has generated about as much nuclear waste as private industry.

To those in the D.O.E. who manufacture it, plutonium is a prized commodity, with extraordinary ideological significance. The production of weapons plutonium is managed by a zealous and secretive bureaucracy that regards itself as carrying out a sacred national mission. This bureaucracy and its powerful allies in the Congressional Armed Services Committees are now fighting to prevent the enormous waste burden they have created for the nation from coming to public attention by opposing legislation that would open up the D.O.E.'s deteriorated waste-storage facilities to oversight by an outside agency, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission.

Waste operations in private industry are licensed and regulated by the N.R.C. But D.O.E. waste facilities are unlicensed, and the depart-

(Continued on Page 704)

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LETTERS.

ELECTION CORRECTIONS

Milwaukee

Richard J. Walton's piece ["The Two-Party Monopoly," *The Nation*, Aug. 30/Sept. 6], while generally quite accurate, did contain two factual errors.

First, it is not true that "the Postal Service had also granted lower rates (3.4 cents per letter) to the major parties while restricting Anderson and the minor parties to the regular 15-cent first-class rate."

What actually happened was that Congress, after briefly extending the nonprofit (3.4 cents) rate of third-class mail to *all* political parties, passed a new law restricting the lower rate to the Democrats and Republicans. That meant that the smaller parties had to use the regular (bulk) rate of third-class mail at 8.5 cents per letter. It did not restrict us to the 15-cent first-class rate.

Second, the court decision overturning as unconstitutional the above act of Congress was *not* brought by John Anderson. In fact, Anderson's campaign didn't even join the lawsuit as amicus curiae until a week before it was decided in June. That suit was an outgrowth of discussions between myself and the Wisconsin Civil Liberties Union's legal director, Ray Dall'Osto, in November 1979. When the American Civil Liberties Union brought it into Federal court in New York this spring, Anderson was still running as a Republican and had not yet acquired his concern for independent candidates' civil rights.

Kenrick G. Kissell, National Secretary
Socialist Party, U.S.A.

San Francisco

The *Item. Item. Item.* column of Nov. 15 erroneously repeats the Citizens Party's claim that their ballot placement in twenty-nine states was the greatest number ever achieved by a minority party on their first try; this is absolutely not true, and they should know that. The Socialist Party's first try was in 1900, and they were on the ballot in thirty-four out of only forty-five states in the Union at that time. I wrote the Citizens Party about this two months ago, but they continued to make the claim.

Although ballot barriers in many states are quite bad, in other states, Commoner's failure to be on the ballot was simply because no one tried to get him on. Even Deirdre Griswold of the Workers World Party got on the ballot in two states which didn't list Commoner: Mississippi and Rhode Island.

Richard Winger

NOTICE TO OUR READERS

In accordance with our holiday schedule, we will skip the January 3 issue. The next issue of *The Nation* will be dated January 3-10, 1981.

WALTON CONFIRMS

New York City

My apologies to Mr. Kissell. I was wrong not to have specified that John Anderson was a very late-comer to the "minor party" suit to gain rightful equality with the "major" parties in the matter of nonprofit postage rates.

Mr. Winger is correct as well. I should have known better than to accept at face value the claim of any political party, even my own. Rigorous scholarship is not the hallmark of political campaigns. And as to Deirdre Griswold getting on the ballot where Barry Commoner did not, well, that's not the only thing that went wrong our first time out.

Richard J. Walton

COLE-DENNIS EXCHANGE

*A large number of letters have been received in response to Peggy Dennis's "Am I a Jew?" [*The Nation, *July 12]. We regret that we can't publish the wide range of comments received concerning Dennis's original essay or Lester Cole's response ["Exchange," Nov. 29]. Leonard Kriegel's letter below makes a point suggested by many of the letters.*

—The Editors

New York City

I began reading *The Nation* as a high school junior back in 1950. And in thirty years of close and constant scrutiny of its contents, I have never read anything more Orwellian than Lester Cole's response to Peggy Dennis's "Am I a Jew?"

I happened to read Cole's letter the day after I attended a reception sponsored by the magazine *Present Tense* for Soviet Jewish writers and artists. For these people, the Soviet Union is the single most powerful anti-Semitic state in the world today. For anyone who has rid himself of the illusions (as well as the rather hackneyed prose) of Cole, there is simply no other way to view the Soviet Union. Let Cole read R. Y. Okuneva's "Letter to Comrade Brezhnev" in the autumn issue of *Present Tense*.

That in 1980 anyone should delude himself about Soviet society is less discouraging than our own confusion about what that anti-Semitism embodies. Anti-Semitism may, as Bebel said, be the socialism of fools, but it has by now become all too apparent that many of those fools consider themselves socialists. It is this anti-Semitism which Christopher Hitchens refers to as that "small and squalid area in which nihilists of left and right meet and intersect." [See "Eurofascism—The Wave of the Past," *The Nation*, Nov. 29.] Let me close by noting, for the benefit of Cole and anyone else who feels compelled to maintain faith in the Soviet Union's good intentions, that the voice may be the voice of anti-Zionism but the hand is the hand of the Black Hundreds.

Leonard Kriegel

REACTIONARY, NOT RADICAL

Billings, Mont.

I wish *The Nation* would not refer to the right wing as the radical right.

Radical is an honorable word. Going to the root or source, fundamental and basic are the first definitions given in most dictionaries. I have always considered the left wing as radical because of its concern for basic social needs. It goes to the root of our problems in order to solve them, while the right wing uses government for selfish gain at the expense of people.

Since the right wing works hand in hand with the enemies of the people, it should be labeled the reactionary right. Reactionary means opposing progress.

Kim E. Larsen

SO MUCH FOR CHECKING

In Leo P. Ribuffo's "Liberals and That Old-Time Religion" [*The Nation*, Nov. 29], we, rather than the author, gave the publication date of Daniel Bell's *The New American Right* as 1957 instead of 1955 because of an error in *Contemporary Authors*, a standard reference.

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EDITORIALS.

The Wilmington 10

"At last, justice for the Wilmington 10," cheered *The New York Times* when the Federal Court of Appeals in Richmond, Virginia, overturned their convictions. Justice? Ten people have been wrongly imprisoned for periods of up to four years, for which they will receive absolutely no recompense; a local prosecutor violated his constitutional and professional obligations and escaped without even a reprimand; a state trial judge issued grossly biased rulings which denied the defendants a fair trial, and then he hit them with heavy sentences; an entire state court system approved all this not once but twice; a state governor saw nothing unfair about the case and a Federal District Court denied any relief. The Court of Appeals' decision may represent a triumph for justice, but not very much of one.

The story begins in 1970. A black school in Wilmington, North Carolina, was closed and the students protested. After a bomb threat to a black church and shootings by white men from moving trucks, four days of gunfire ensued. A black and a white were killed, and a white-owned grocery store in a black neighborhood was firebombed and destroyed.

Allen Hall, a young black described in a psychiatric report as a "borderline defective," was convicted and sentenced to twelve years for the arson. He thereupon turned state's evidence and implicated the Rev. Ben Chavis, a field organizer for the United Church of Christ, who had been invited to Wilmington by a black minister in January; Hall also implicated eight black students and a white woman. The ten were convicted in September 1972, almost entirely on Hall's testimony, and given sentences of twenty to thirty years. Efforts by defense lawyers to challenge his

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testimony as inconsistent, biased and unbelievable were continually blocked by the prosecutor and judge. Appeals were steadily turned down even though in August 1976, Hall recanted his testimony. In 1976, Amnesty International designated the Wilmington 10 as prisoners of conscience.

The Federal Court of Appeals in Richmond handed down a low-keyed opinion but the undisputed facts on which it relied—it didn't pass on any of the disputed charges—speak loudly enough. After his conviction Hall had given a long statement to the prosecution—his second—which he soon changed substantially. The prosecutor and the judge kept the changed version from the defense, even though it contradicted Hall's in-court testimony in fifteen different respects and showed that Hall was lying. The prosecutor not only did nothing to prevent or correct this perjury, as the law and professional ethics require, but actually facilitated it and covered it up.

The prosecutor also refused to release the mental report on Hall which classified him as a borderline defective; in the psychiatric interview, Hall also denied complicity in the burning. Had the denial and diagnosis been put in evidence, said the Appeals Court, the jury might well have doubted Hall's credibility and his ability to recall with "exquisite detail" things that had happened more than eighteen months earlier. The court also noted in passing that the prosecutor may have been guilty of "knowing use of perjured testimony in connection with this report."

Finally, the court criticized the trial judge's refusal to let the defense bring out the special privileges Hall had gotten for his testimony. Although the prosecutor said there had been "no deals," Hall and another witness were allowed to stay at hotels and a beach house, instead of jail, and even go home; Hall got a visit from his girlfriend; another witness got a minibike and a part-time job; Hall's sentence for arson was made more lenient, and more. "Above all," said the Court of Appeals, the prosecutor brought no charges against Hall when he attacked one of his guards with a knife and threatened to kill him. All this the judge kept from the jury.

For these abuses, the Court of Appeals overturned the convictions, and that's obviously a good thing. But was the reversal much more than symbolic? How redress long years of imprisonment? Without some compensation—which the law doesn't authorize—justice delayed in these circumstances is truly injustice condoned.

And what about the prosecutorial and judicial misconduct, instances of which are so very common throughout our legal system? The Court of Appeals' opinion didn't so much as hint at even a reprimand, and no bar association or other group will. Nor will the decision discourage this or any other prosecutor from again misusing the judicial system for political purposes—after all, this effort accomplished its purpose of punishing some civil rights "agitators" very severely and at little cost.

Our judicial system works pretty well in the run-of-the-mill case. But to those on the unpopular side of political confrontation, the system offers meager protection and sometimes poses a serious threat.

Disengage Now

Nearly a generation ago, the Polish foreign office floated a plan for disengagement of Russian troops from East Europe. The scheme, known as the Rapacki plan, called for a staged withdrawal of American troops and armaments from West Europe. Now, with the Russians poised to intervene militarily in Poland and the United States cajoling its allies to match American increases in defense expenditure, this long abandoned plan is once again relevant. The growing confrontation in Europe is further complicated by the Soviet military intervention in Afghanistan and the political-military situation in Central America, a U.S. sphere of influence.

Despite this deteriorating situation, the United States and the Soviet Union have enough interests in common (increased defense costs, internal instability caused by economic misallocation and social unrest) to halt those steps that could unravel either nation. What is needed is for the diplomats to devise a formula that will gradually lead to superpower disengagement in Europe. The Rapacki plan can serve as a basis for such a formula. The urgency of the present crisis demands creative diplomacy and serious negotiations.

The first round of discussions could begin immediately in three forums: between the United States and the Soviet Union, between the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and Warsaw Pact nations and in the United Nations. Negotiations should not occur in the SALT forum since those negotiations deal exclusively with strategic weapons.

Between the superpowers the issue should be couched in terms of nonintervention in Poland by Russia in exchange for a suspension by the United States of its plans to place cruise and Pershing II missiles in England and Germany. This move would gain great support among our allies, and earn for the United States the undying gratitude of Poles and other East Europeans. The second stage of the discussion between the two great powers would take up the question of placing a freeze on the number of troops and weapons systems stationed outside the borders of the United States and the Soviet Union. Specifically, this action would serve as the preface to a de facto nonintervention pledge by the great powers in Europe. The third stage of the negotiations would focus on setting up joint inspection teams that would operate in the NATO and Warsaw Pact nations to insure that the terms of the freeze were being carried out. While this step-by-step process continues, further talks would be held on imposing a wider freeze and making defense-budget reductions of the kind agreed to in principle between the Russians and the United States in the 1973-74 period. These discussions, if successful, could lead to a mutual disengagement process from Europe, which in turn would lead to a more rational international order.

What would be the role of the United Nations in this process? In international politics the little nation-states allied with larger states have often provided the spark that touched off a larger conflagration. But this precept has been modified in our time. As former Secretary General Dag

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Hammarskjöld once pointed out, it is the smaller countries that need the United Nations. Thus, it should be the responsibility of the small nations and the U.N. to press the Russians to withdraw from Afghanistan, just as they should convince the United States that its own long-term interests are best served by staying out of the military and covert intervention business in the civil wars that are now raging in the Caribbean. Is it too much to ask that the U.N. work out new rules of behavior so that an emerging world civilization is not brought down by international war or local civil wars?

MARCUS G. RASKIN

Marcus G. Raskin, co-founder of the Institute for Policy Studies, is a member of The Nation*'s Editorial Board.*

No to the Draft

"Peace means confusion and war means order," says Bertolt Brecht's corporal in *Mother Courage.* "It is only when you've got a war that you'll find proper lists and up-to-date registers."

But preparations for war and up-to-date draft registers create their own confusions. In July, a U.S. District Court declared the Selective Service Act—and the June registration under it—unconstitutional because it "discriminates between males and females." The day before Thanksgiving a Federal judge ruled that in requiring draft registrants to give Social Security numbers, the Selective Service System has been violating the Privacy Act of 1974.

Yet it would be premature for young men and their families to give too much thanks. Pending appeals to the Supreme Court, which could not decide either case until spring, the S.S.S. is proceeding to do what one court found unconstitutional and another court illegal. It is now compiling—perhaps illegally and at best improperly—lists of draftables through faceless registration—i.e., data matching of all computerized lists that it can buy, borrow or otherwise lay hands on. [See Gross, "The Drive to Revive the Draft," *The Nation*, October 20, 1979.]

As the registration of 18-year-old men nears, Ronald Reagan is being bombarded on all sides. Old-style conservatives, thinking they have one of his ears, remind him of his campaign statement (partly embodied in the Republican platform) that, except in the most extreme national emergency, "a draft or draft registration destroys the very values that our society is committed to defending." Abolition of registration, they point out, is one of the few dramatic actions that Reagan could quickly accomplish on January 21 while also asking for Congressional action to foster voluntary enlistment and re-enlistment through higher military pay. In contrast, the modern militarists, who seem to have most of his mind, favor outright conscription as soon as it can be slipped through Congress. Others suggest that registration be temporarily ditched, followed by the immediate appointment of a V.I.P. commission to lay the groundwork for full-blooded conscription as soon as international tensions make it feasible.

Amid all this confusion, at least two things are clear. First, as a New Year's gift from the lame-duck President, all 18-year-old men are under orders to register during the week of January 5. Second, obedience to this order will be much less than total. In 1980, at least a quarter-million 19- and 20-year-olds failed to register. In 1981, through either conscious decision or ignorance, thousands of 18-year-olds will be added to their number. Equally significant, both the War Resisters League and the National Resistance Committee have been circulating statements in which older people resolve to encourage younger people to abstain from registration. Such resolutions have been signed by Bayard Rustin, Linus Pauling, George Wald and more than 10,000 others. The National Resistance Committee's resolution—as yet unpublished for lack of funds—boldly states that "we understand that our actions subject us to a possible penalty of five years' imprisonment and a $10,000 fine."

The brave people who make such public statements are the true defenders of the right to life set forth in the Declaration of Independence. They are willing to take personal risks to defend the lives and vital interests of all people born, born again or to be born, against the powerful minorities who openly advocate or condone threats of governmental violence and terror (rather than negotiation, détente and social justice) as the first response to economic, political and moral problems abroad and at home. But the immediate risk of prosecution by the Justice Department is not large—given the shakiness of the S.S.S.'s constitutional and legal position at present and the President-elect's repeated statements against draft registration. The larger risk may stem from the new Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on Security and Terrorism which—under the auspices of Judiciary chairman Strom Thurmond—may revive in modernized form the attacks on civil liberties perpetrated by its predecessors, the McCarran and Eastland subcommittees.

In any case, on behalf of myself, all my family, most of my close friends, many of my students and some of my colleagues, I urge all true patriots to make—and try to live up to—a New Year's resolution along these lines: "I shall not collaborate, and I urge all 18-year-old men not to collaborate, with the S.S.S.'s immoral, irrational and possibly unconstitutional and illegal subversion of American security by a draft registration program, which is the prelude to peacetime conscription, a foundation for renewed interventionism and part and parcel of the suicidal drive to escalate the arms race." I urge the collection of funds to allow the publication of the names of all those willing to take this position publicly. And as an inveterate believer in the productive potential of properly conducted Congressional investigations, I urge the House Judiciary Committee—not yet Thurmondized—to start an inquiry into what additional violations of personal privacy and security are being undertaken or planned by the S.S.S. in its semi-secret program for faceless registration and computerized dossier building.

BERTRAM GROSS

Bertram Gross is Distinguished Professor in Hunter College's urban affairs department. His latest book is Friendly Fascism: The New Face of Power in America *(M. Evans).*

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ARTICLES.

PURGE IN HAITI

'Baby Doc' Takes Charge

KAREN PAYNE

"Perhaps even Papa Doc is a comedian," suggests a character in *The Comedians*, Graham Greene's 1965 novel about Haiti. "Oh, no," comes the reply, "he is real. Horror is always real."

On November 28, Papa Doc's son and successor, Haitian President of the Republic for Life Jean-Claude (Baby Doc) Duvalier proved that he is no comedian, either. In a swift and secret wave of arrests, Duvalier's police swept more than 100 of Haiti's leading independent journalists, human-rights activists and opposition party leaders into jail, where some prisoners were brutally beaten. A few were sent into exile. Most remain in jail, where, their exiled colleagues fear, they may stay indefinitely unless international pressure is exerted to save them.

In a twinkling, Duvalier has undone years of work by lobbyists and public relations firms hired to convince foreign donors, tourists and businessmen that Haiti is a peaceful, stable society progressing toward democracy and human rights. By silencing every voice of responsible moderate criticism, Duvalier has claimed carte blanche for whatever he decides to do. Observers are uneasy about the consequences for the imprisoned leaders of Haitian society, the Haitian refugees ejected in November from the tiny Bahamian island of Cayo Lobos, the thousands of Haitians scheduled soon for forced repatriation from the Bahamas and the millions of impoverished people Duvalier rules.

Upon his arrival at Miami's International Airport, exiled journalist Pierre Clitendre, shielding his reddened eyes from the glare, said of the purge: "Everyone who could speak out has been taken, and nothing is left but a great void." The swollen, gashed face and bloodshot eyes of Clitendre, a senior editorial writer for Haiti's leading independent newspaper, *Le Petit Samedi Soir*, bore eloquent testimony to the ordeal he had suffered during four days in Duvalier's Dessalines Prison in Port-au-Prince.

Clitendre was sent into exile with nine others: Christian Socialist Party of Haiti leader Grégoire Eugene, economist Jean-Jacques Honorat, physicians Dr. Gregy Eugene and Dr. Nicole Magloire, and journalists Marcus Garcia and Elsie Etheart of Radio Metropole, Michele Montas and Richard Brisson of Radio Haiti-Inter and Jean-Robert Herard of *Le Petit Samedi Soir*.

The exiles said they were placed by twos and threes in tiny, windowless cells in Dessalines Prison. Their clothes were taken away, and they were forced to sleep on thin mattresses on damp, chilly concrete floors in cells infested with mice, cockroaches, mosquitoes and bedbugs. Clitendre and Brisson were beaten.

Haiti would like to expel other prisoners, but so far the United States has balked at granting visas. Those who left—nine for New York and Miami and one for Canada—accepted exile unwillingly, according to Garcia, who was news director of Radio Metropole. "We don't want to become exiles," he said. "We can stay outside Haiti for a while, but we want to go back, to be there, to be present—even if we can't work as before. We can't do anything outside."

Ironically, Duvalier recently proclaimed his wish to "stand before the tribunal of history as the person who set Haiti on an irreversible path to democracy." Just three days before the arrests, Foreign Minister Georges Salomon, in Miami for a conference on Caribbean development, boasted of Haiti's progress toward freedom of the press. "We intend to consolidate that progress," he said.

But starting at noon on November 28, police violently attacked the press, smashing the equipment at independent Radio Cacique, rounding up everyone—journalists, technicians and visitors—at independent Radio Haiti-Inter, where a recording was left to play over and over on the air until someone thought to shut it off. Both stations remain closed. As the days went by, the ranks of prisoners were swollen by leaders from every sector of society. Among them were attorney Lafontant Joseph, a founding member of the Haitian League of Human Rights, and authors, economists, students, professors and political partisans.

Haitian officials remained incommunicado after the arrests, but government statements issued four days later spoke of "a network of agitators" who were "of Communist obedience" connected to the media. However, the free press in Haiti has always been considered an "opposition" press by the Duvalier Government. (The official press prints only what the regime approves; thus, any effort to gather information from nongovernmental sources would, by definition, oppose the regime.) As independent radio journalist Ivens Paul put it before the recent coup, "As journalists, we have the position of trying to give objective news." Paul was arrested and tortured by Haitian police in October, and was in hiding at the time of the raids.

U.S. officials protested the crackdown as "a setback to democratization . . . of grave concern." Said State Department Haiti desk officer Howard Davis: "The independent press was very valuable, and we would certainly hope independent media activities would be allowed to resume as before." Disappearance of the free press, he said, "does not augur well for the future stability of the country." The United States made a symbolic gesture of disapproval by refusing to send a delegation from Washington to the December 8-10 meeting of the Organization of American States Joint Donors Committee in Port-au-Prince, but the local U.S. Agency for International Development represent-

Karen Payne is a reporter for The Miami News.

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ative attended the meeting, where $148 million in aid for Haiti was approved. The Haitian Government prevented the U.S. and Canadian representatives from commenting on recent human-rights developments in Haiti.

On the whole, the U.S. response to Duvalier's coup was mild. Ambassador Henry Kimelman, who claimed two days before the arrests that there was "no reason" for refugees to leave Haiti except economic betterment, was not in Port-au-Prince. A senior U.S. Embassy official admitted that for several days U.S. protests were delivered to only one Haitian minister because others could not be reached. The State Department was surprised, Davis said, when no questions were asked about Haiti in a briefing less than a week after the purge. But by then journalists were preoccupied with Poland, El Salvador and the Reagan transition.

The arrests in Haiti have come at a time when relations between the United States and Haiti are already strained in several ways. A Haitian diaspora has occurred since François (Papa Doc) Duvalier took power twenty-three years ago. As many as one-fifth of Haiti's people now live outside their country. By 1965, some 80 percent of Haiti's qualified professionals (doctors, lawyers, teachers, engineers, public administrators) lived in the United States, Canada or Africa. The exodus continues.

In recent years the influx has been concentrated in south Florida, with most of the new arrivals from Haiti's peasant class. The U.S. Government resists granting political asylum to Haitians. Last spring, U.S. District Court Judge James King of Miami ruled that Haitians should be considered for asylum. He found "an absence of a rule of law" in Haiti, which is "essentially closed to information gathering from the outside world," a place where there is "no political freedom." King's decision remains on appeal. In early December, the Government dusted off its plan to ship refugees to Puerto Rico for exclusion hearings, but flights were temporarily stopped by a Puerto Rican judge. South Floridians are not anxious to receive any more refugees. U.S. officials are said to fear another influx like that from Cuba when the Government of the Bahamas begins forced repatriation of its more than 20,000 Haitians. According to Foreign Minister Salomon, the refugees will try to head for "anywhere but Haiti."

The U.S. Government allocates about $18 million annually in loans and grants to Haiti; military aid was cut off earlier this year by the House of Representatives. Davis claims that the State Department has "discussed increased aid levels in connection with reforms, but the discussions have not yet borne any fruit." Haiti's rulers may feel they can afford to wait. The Government has been unable to distribute all the aid it gets to the Haitian people because of administrative incompetence, corruption and poor planning, according to a 1978 Congressional Research Report. *The New York Times* recently noted that three development projects—a sugar mill, a fishing fleet and a vegetable processing plant—are of dubious or nonexistent economic value.

Despite the large amount of aid Haiti receives from other nations and international agencies, the country is experiencing cash-flow problems. Duvalier's Government was bailed out by a $41 million International Monetary Fund loan a week after the November 28 purge. Other major donors, in addition to the United States, include the International Development Bank ($17 million in 1979), West Germany ($9 million), the World Bank ($7.6 million), the O.A.S., France, China, Canada and Israel. Private organizations supply about $10 million. Investments by American companies in Haiti total more than $130 million.

These lenders, if they had cared to look, could have seen that tension between Duvalier and his critics had been building almost since he took office in 1971. After Duvalier promised an "economic revolution" and greater freedom, independent journalists at *Le Petit Samedi Soir*, Radio Haiti-Inter, Radio Metropole and Radio Cacique began broadcasting nonofficial news. In 1975, Ezechiel Abelard of Radio Metropole was arrested. He died after a year in prison, during which time he was not charged with any crime. In 1976, the body of Gasner Raymond, a reporter for *Le Petit Samedi Soir*, was found by the side of a road, and the Government was blamed for his death. "His death was very dramatic, and it was done to terrorize the journalists," said Marcus Garcia. "But we weren't afraid. We continued our work. And little by little, the rest of the country started to participate."

Official labor unions, such as the Haitian-American Sugar Company and the Ciments d'Haiti (cement workers), elected new boards and began to protest working conditions. Some union leaders were killed and these deaths, too, were blamed on the Government. Then community action councils began to formulate demands for the peasants they represent. Finally, in February 1979, opposition political parties were formed. They added to the growing barrage of criticism directed at the Duvalier regime.

DRAWINGS BY MONICA INCISA

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The political parties were formed after the Government failed to carry out its promise to hold free elections in February 1979, according to Grégoire Eugene. After the elections, Eugene published a pamphlet—"A Case for Political Parties in Haiti"—the first time anyone spoke openly of political parties during the twenty-three years since Duvalier *père* took power. Eugene founded the Christian Socialist Party of Haiti, and a week later Sylvio Claude, who is now in prison, founded the Christian Democratic Party.

Eugene and Claude promoted their ideas through party organs. "My friends in the press said they could not constantly publish articles for me," Eugene said, so he founded a magazine called *Fraternité*, which grew to a circulation of 7,500. "We tried to motivate the people of Haiti," Eugene said, "and we succeeded in creating a state of mind that allowed Haitians to feel we could have a better society."

In May 1979, the Government imposed censorship on the theater in order to close down a Creole-language play by Ivens Paul, a popular playwright and a reporter for Radio Cacique. Paul's play, *Debafre* (Telling the Truth) examines what he calls "the things in the lives of the people that push them to embark for Miami or elsewhere—the things like unemployment, malnutrition, terror." The play—and independent news broadcasts in Creole—brought a new perspective on events to Haitians, most of whom do not read Creole or French.

In October 1979, a repressive press law was passed, forbidding journalists to insult the President for Life, his mother, or other Government officials. In November 1979, Gerard Gourgue, president of the Haitian Human Rights League, and several foreign diplomats were attacked during a public meeting by sixty men said to have been members of the Tonton Macoutes, Papa Doc's infamous private police.

Gourgue, a law professor, said last month that he had "no hope" for the future of the human-rights movement in Haiti. "We took some risks after President Carter's announcement of a human-rights policy," he said, "but now we realize that it was an ideal and theoretical position. The State Department still tolerates everything the Duvalier Government does."

Many Haitians had feared that the election of Ronald Reagan might provoke a crackdown on human rights in Haiti, and the November 28 raids appear to confirm their fears. "The right to be informed is a human right," Jean Dominique, owner of Radio Haiti-Inter, had said before the police invaded his station. "If the Government in Washington forgets about human rights, it will be finished for us. It will be the end of independent thinking." During the press purge, Dominique sought refuge in the Venezuelan Embassy.

Criticism of the Duvalier Government had been intensifying immediately prior to the raid. In October, a leading Creole-language broadcaster, Anthony Pascal, was jailed without cause but released unharmed after a few hours. Then, opposition party leader Sylvio Claude was arrested with many of his followers and charged with incitement to sedition after he published an issue of a party magazine with a photograph of Duvalier beside pictures of assassinated dictators.

During the return of refugees from Cayo Lobos, the influx of foreign journalists strained the Government's patience with the methods of the free press. Independent Haitian journalists who tried to talk with returning refugees were shoved and pushed by police. American journalists were interrogated (*The Miami News*) and harassed by police (*Miami Herald*). Their reports of these incidents were dismissed by Foreign Minister Salomon as "fairy tales."

During and after the Cayo Lobos affair, internal criticism rose to new heights. Journalists, religious leaders and others demanded to know why the Government left their countrymen stranded on the island, and why it had not acted to solve the economic problems that drive Haitians to embark on such desperate voyages. Journalist Garcia described the Government's reaction: "Suddenly it had the impression of being confronted not with many voices but with one voice."

Despite Duvalier's vaunted "economic revolution," Haiti remains the poorest country in the Western Hemisphere. At least three-quarters of the densely packed population of six million live below what the World Bank calls the "absolute poverty level" of $140 yearly income. Eighty percent of the people are illiterate. Malnutrition and starvation are rampant. The life expectancy is fifty years. In the capital, beggars line the streets, and people bathe in open sewers. The air is filled with the stench of human waste. The people of the slums sleep in tiny, windowless concrete hovels or in the streets. In nearby Petion-Ville, a wealthy suburb, elaborate mansions sit on the hilltops, far from the misery below. According to the World Bank, in 1978, 5 percent of the population received 50 percent of the national income.

Exiled independent journalists say the stark disparities of wealth have angered the Haitian people. Although official publications claim that crime is virtually nonexistent, Garcia said that property crimes are burgeoning, as are suicides among people who have too little to eat. "These are the consequences of poverty," Garcia said. "Eighty percent of the people are poor, 15 percent live more or less well and 5 percent are rich in a way that is visible and annoying, pushing the people toward violence. The independent press was the only vent for their frustrations."

Garcia and Eugene said they believe the protests will continue in Haiti, but because the press has been stifled, protests will be disorganized—"like taking the starter out of a car," Garcia said. "Perhaps the people will find other ways to protest. Since there is no one to give voice to their opinions, perhaps they will turn to violence."

"Since no independent voice can speak," Garcia continued, "there will be no one to say if the Government becomes violent with the people. There will be no news, no one to announce it on the radio or write it in the newspapers. It's not just that people won't be able to show their criticisms in a democratic manner, and may be pushed to protest with violence. Even if the Government massacres the people, we won't have any news—because the voice of the Haitian people is dead. The democratic process is broken." □

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COUNTERFORCE CAPABILITY

Trident-The Devil's Pitchfork

ROBERT C. ALDRIDGE

Ronald Reagan's promise to cut Federal taxes and balance the budget does not include trimming the Pentagon fat. On the contrary, the new Administration's defense plan calls for upping military spending by $30 billion to $40 billion a year.

Much of that increase will be channeled to arms merchants through defense contracts. Of the additional $5 billion slated for the strategic nuclear triad this fiscal year, almost $3 billion will accelerate the Trident system. Trident is the Navy's new weapon, intended to endow submarine-launched ballistic missiles (SLBMs) with the same accuracy as silo-based ICBMs. It will have the precision to destroy Soviet missile silos, and the subs can sneak close enough to do that job within ten to fifteen minutes of a launch order. Trident will be the most dangerous weapon ever developed. It is so destabilizing that if allowed to continue it could cause exactly what it is supposed to prevent—a Soviet first strike.

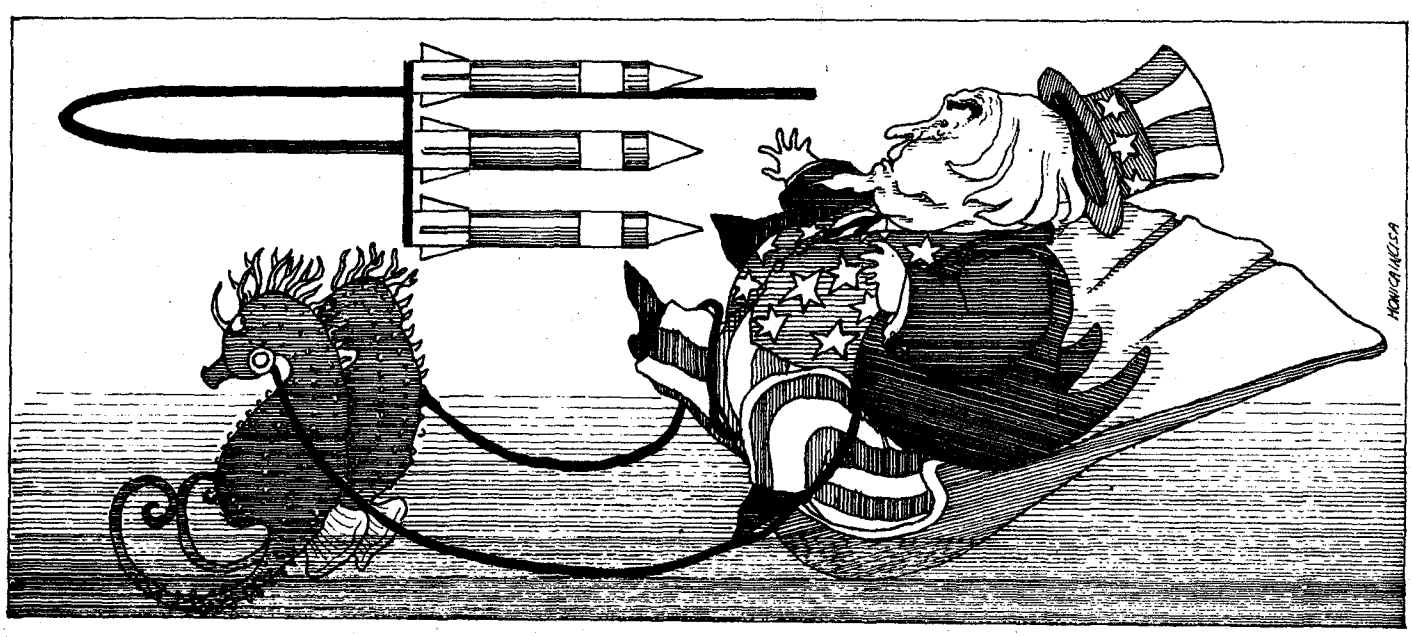
The system will consist of a fleet of new Trident submarines, refitted Poseidon submarines and two generations of missiles. Trident submarines are about the same size as the Navy's newest nuclear cruisers, and they will carry twenty-four missiles apiece—half again as many as the sixteen currently loaded on each Poseidon boat. Design of this undersea behemoth is the outcome of a bureaucratic compromise between the strategic-projects and the nuclear-propulsion factions of the Navy. Fourteen have been approved so far and Navy projections indicate thirty by 1998. Their construction at Electric Boat Division of General Dynamics has been plagued with technical difficulties and management problems. Delivery of the first sub is now twenty-six months behind schedule, with strong indications of slipping still further. But Reagan plans to overcome those difficulties and even accelerate the timetable by pouring an additional $2.6 billion into the program between now and 1985. What that will do for General Dynamics is clear, but what it will do to speed up submarine construction is less certain.

The missiles, however, are what give the Trident system its silo-killing capacity—a first-strike capability which, as I shall illustrate later, is likely to backfire. Two generations of Trident missiles are in the works at Lockheed Missiles and Space Company in Sunnyvale, California. Trident-1 originally started off as an extended-range Poseidon. It is the same size as its predecessor and is being backfitted into twelve of the thirty-one Poseidon submarines. At least four of those subs are now "on target" with Trident-1 missiles. Conversion of the remainder will be completed in 1982.

Reagan's defense plan calls for converting another dozen Poseidon subs to carry Trident-1s at an additional cost of $1 billion during 1981 and a total of $2.1 billion through completion in 1983. Everything technically feasible is being proposed, and it seems consistent that the Navy's improved accuracy plan will also be implemented.

In the past, submarines have been inherently less accurate than ICBMs because their exact location at the time of launching missiles is not known. It is necessary to know where you are starting from in order to get to your destination. Trident-1 missiles use a stellar inertial guidance system which takes a reading on the stars after being launched and makes the necessary steering corrections. That helps to pro-

Robert C. Aldridge, an aerospace engineer, worked sixteen years for Lockheed helping to design Polaris missiles, the MIRVs for Poseidon and a maneuvering warhead for Trident SLBMs. He is the author of two books: The Counterforce Syndrome *(Institute for Policy Studies) and* First Strike *(TBS-Britannica, Tokyo).*



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vide a target accuracy of one-quarter nautical mile C.E.P. (circular error probability: the radius of a circle centered on the target in which half the warheads will hit), which is only slightly better than Poseidon's accuracy. It is over a 4,000-nautical-mile range, however, instead of 2,500. Nevertheless, it is not precise enough to threaten Soviet underground missile silos.

More accurate targeting, however, will soon be possible because, during Trident-1's test-flight program, several new Navstar global positioning satellites then in orbit were used to refine the SLBM's accuracy. When the full constellation of Navstars are orbiting in a few years, receiving equipment can be installed on Trident missiles that will give each of its multiple warheads a C.E.P. of 300 feet. Such pinpointing will certainly cause Kremlin concerns over the survivability of their ICBMs.

The Reagan Administration is considering an additional $600 million in 1981 to speed up Trident-2 development—a profitable windfall for Lockheed. Whereas Trident-1s will fit into either modified Poseidon boats or new Trident submarines, Trident-2s will only fit the new subs. They will have a range of 6,000 nautical miles, but not with a full load of warheads. Their main advantage is that they can carry fourteen independently targeted warheads, the maximum number allowed under SALT II, which could have an explosive power of 150 kilotons each. By comparison, a full load for Trident-1 is eight 100-kiloton bombs. Trident-2, using Navstar, will also place its payload within a 300-foot radius.

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To comprehend fully the dangerous nuclear instability that will result from the Trident system, let me make a few comparisons. The ability to destroy a deeply buried and shock-mounted missile in a steel-reinforced concrete silo depends on the correct balance of explosive power and accuracy. Accuracy is the most important. Russia's deadliest silo-killer is the SS-18, Mod-4, which is alleged to have a C.E.P. of 850 feet with each of its 500-kiloton bombs. The following chart indicates the number of silos, hardened to withstand 2,000 pounds per square inch overpressure, that can be destroyed by each Trident-1, Trident-2 and SS-18 missile, assuming they all work properly after being fired.

MISSILE	C.E.P.	NUMBER OF SILOS DESTROYED PER MISSILE*
Trident-1 Eight 100-kiloton warheads Navstar corrections	300 feet	6
Trident-2 Fourteen 150-kiloton warheads Navstar corrections	300 feet	12
SS-18, Mod-4 Ten 500-kiloton warheads	850 feet	4-5

*Silo hardness = 2,000 psi overpressure. Missiles assumed 100 percent reliable.

In spite of its massive size and high megatonnage, the huge SS-18 doesn't measure up to the much smaller Trident-1. Accuracy is the pre-eminent factor. It should be noted that the Russians have no counterpart for U.S. Navstar satellites by which their missiles can receive in-flight navigation corrections. Navstar can compensate for atmospheric phenomena that cause the missile to veer off course right up to the point of dispensing each warhead to its target, as well as for any mislocation of the launch point in firing calculations at the time the missile is fired. It should also be noted that missiles can never be expected to work perfectly, but adding the factor of reliability to the above chart would give an even greater advantage to the United States. Tridents are at least 80 percent reliable, whereas the SS-18 cannot top 75 percent.

One should also be aware of the comparative importance of silo-based missiles to each country. The United States' 1,054 silos (less two damaged by the two recent Titan-2 explosions in Arkansas and Kansas) contain one-quarter of its strategic warheads. But the U.S.S.R.'s 1,398 silos house three-quarters of its strategic nuclear bombs. It stands to reason that Moscow would be much more sensitive to a threat against its silos than would Washington. With that in mind let me present another comparison, and this time missile reliability will be considered.

If all 308 of the SS-18s allowed under SALT II were Mod-4s, which they aren't, the resulting 3,080 warheads would permit cross-targeting three bombs to almost every U.S. silo with a probability of destroying 63 percent of them—not 90 percent as the Defense Department would have us believe. Even the 63 percent figure may be high because fratricide—the destructive effect of previous nuclear explosions on incoming warheads—may make sending three warheads to each silo counterproductive. At any

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rate, since U.S. silos contain only a quarter of America's strategic warheads, the Soviet missile threat can endanger no more than 16 percent of the total. No strategic planners would consider that a sufficiently overwhelming advantage to risk an attack while deterring U.S. retaliation by holding back enough missiles to threaten American cities. Yet we are told that we need precision weapons capable of destroying the remaining Soviet missiles when we retaliate (second-strike counterforce) so they cannot counter-retaliate against our cities. Believing this, we are deluded into buying billions of dollars worth of dangerous merchandise from weapons peddlers to eliminate a nonexistent threat.

But the very act of producing superaccurate nuclear weapons makes the threat real. If we look at the picture from the other side's point of view, twelve converted Poseidon submarines loaded with Trident-1 improved accuracy missiles will threaten 75 percent of the Soviet silos (56 percent of all Soviet strategic warheads). Eight Trident submarines so loaded would do the same. Only five Trident subs carrying Trident-2 SLBMs would put 85 percent of U.S.S.R. silos at risk (60 percent of their strategic bombs). These percentages can be increased by cross-targeting more than one warhead at each silo. It is not something Soviet strategists can take lightly.

In contrast, all 3,080 warheads on SS-18 missiles, each with an explosive power of 500 kilotons, are required to destroy a mere 16 percent of the U.S. strategic arsenal; targeting additional warheads at U.S. silos would not better that percentage. On the other hand, only 1,680 of the smaller 150-kiloton warheads (actually only 1,398 are needed to send one to each Russian silo) will demolish a whopping 60 percent of the U.S.S.R.'s strategic inventory. By cross-targeting additional warheads that figure can be increased.

The upshot is that Trident is likely to cause exactly what it is advertised to prevent. A Congressional Budget Office background paper warned, "There may be an inescapable dilemma involved in procurement of second-strike counterforce capability: a U.S. arsenal large enough to attack Soviet ICBMs after having absorbed a Soviet first strike would be large enough to threaten the Soviet ICBM force in a U.S. first strike." It goes on to say that "The Soviet Union, looking at capabilities rather than intentions, might see a U.S. second-strike capability in this light. Confronted with a threat to their ICBM force, Soviet leaders facing an international crisis might have an incentive to use their missiles before they could be destroyed by the United States."

The President's Arms Control Impact Statements have conveyed the same message. In the discussion of silo-killing weapons they say, "Under extreme crisis conditions, Soviet leaders, concerned that war was imminent, and fearing for the survivability of their ICBMs if the United States struck first, nonetheless might perceive pressures to strike first themselves." As regards Navstar, the fiscal 1981 A.C.I.S. states: "If decisions are made to use Navstar for missile guidance, the potential arms control impact would need to be reviewed carefully."

In the face of such warnings it is obvious that continuing to build precision weapons like Trident, and the MX as well, puts us on a catastrophic course. The Reaganized defense plan will certainly accelerate our rush to doomsday. It is clear to me, at least, that the selfish interests of a small number of influential people are fueling the arms race. Slipping more weapons business to corporate profiteers is done at the expense of the poor, and it threatens the entire world. We are sliding closer to the brink of nuclear cremation, and Trident, that devil's pitchfork, is likely to prod us over the edge. Disaster is inevitable unless America wakes up. That awakening cannot happen too early. □

UNANNOUNCED VISIT

The Socialists Go to Washington

RONALD RADOSH

Even as Ronald Reagan was moving the furniture of neoconservatism into the nation's capital, a dissonant note was heard in the city: Europe's leading socialist luminaries came to Washington on December 5 for a three-day conference sponsored by the Institute for Democratic Socialism. Its purpose was to allow American and international socialists to discuss the future of their movement and to address themselves to concrete programmatic issues. The meeting was attended by more than 2,500 people—with hundreds turned away by wary hotel managers—making it the largest socialist gathering in this country since the 1930s. Yet, at the time, unless you read a report buried in the middle of *The Washington Post*, you would not know that this historic meeting took place. (*The Post* did run a prominently displayed piece in the Style section, which confined itself to a fashion report on the participants' garb: "jeans without designer labels" and "bulky Peruvian sweaters.")

In attendance were former Swedish Prime Minister Olof Palme; Socialist International chairman Willy Brandt; French Socialist Party leaders François Mitterrand and Michel Rocard; former Dutch Prime Minister Joop den Uyl; the leader of the British Labor Party's left wing, Tony Benn, and Spanish socialist chief Felipe Gonzalez.

At a time when the nation's press was giving inordinate attention to the twenty-fifth anniversary of William Buckley's *National Review*, the apparent decision to make the socialist gathering a nonevent was particularly striking. But for those who attended, it was, as former Chancellor Brandt put it, "inspiring." Tony Benn characterized the

Ronald Radosh, a member of the National Advisory Council of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee, writes a regular column for Democratic Left. *He is an author and historian.*

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meeting as the "European cavalry arriving at just the right moment" to reinforce America's beleaguered socialists. He argued that the British socialists had a duty to speak out in the United States since decisions made in Washington affected his countrymen more than those made in London.

At a press conference and a panel discussion, Benn sounded a theme that ran through the entire conference: the failure of "monetarist" conservatism was leading to a revitalization of a dormant left wing. A major result of Thatcherism in Britain, he said, was that the Labor Party has gone back to the early socialist fundamentals it had subsequently abandoned. Disputing American press reports that the party had been captured by fringe Trotskyists, Benn stressed that its rank-and-file constituency had pushed for a more radical course, a return to the promise of the 1918 Clause IV of the party, which called for securing for laboring people "the full fruits of their industry and the most equitable distribution thereof that may be possible, upon the basis of the common ownership of the means of production," in conjunction with "popular administration and control of each industry."

Similarly, Joop den Uyl, now head of the Dutch Labor Party, spoke compellingly for a policy that both defended the welfare state from attack and that also looked forward to more extensive democratization of the social structure. The question was whether democratic socialism could successfully come up with new answers to economic stagnation.

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He was candid in acknowledging that social democracy had become ossified and bureaucratic, and he praised the anti-establishment young left of the 1960s for rejuvenating his party, by having them develop a more radical domestic program as well as a stance of solidarity with the Third World and "opposition to nuclear energy and above all to the nuclear arms race." While others in Washington were calling for retrenchment, Joop den Uyl argued forcefully that employment and jobs cannot be left to the free market and that the public sector "must be extended and strengthened."

Swedish Social Democratic leader Olof Palme also called upon socialists to move toward "the next step of our struggle—economic democracy." Palme asked that "we all be evangelists for a revived sense of community against the new cult of the self." That meant, he stressed, "planned management under popular control." He pointed with pride to the co-determination laws passed in his country in the 1970s, especially those giving the unions the right to negotiate on all issues concerning work organization and management of the enterprise. Palme recalled telling Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin that, in Sweden, the unions could halt work on the line when a dispute arose. "You mean you let the unions stop production?" Kosygin asked. "Yes," Palme told him. "We call it workers' control."

Another recurring theme was the menace to world peace and the need for justice in the Third World. "It is my firm belief that we need détente," Brandt said, "in order to safeguard peace *and* to find the strength for balancing the interests of industrialized states . . . and developing nations." A world that currently spends $500 billion per year on arms, the former Chancellor noted, cannot be allowed to continue arming itself to death. The obstacles were not technical; it was rather a matter of forging the necessary "political will" to end the arms race.

Olof Palme noted that both contenders for the Presidency had expressed their admiration for the courage and discipline of the Polish workers, and he praised them for this stance. But he offered his own challenge. Referring to the situation in El Salvador, which he stressed was not an isolated case, since "in Africa and Asia millions of people suffer under the burden of exploitation, racial oppression and armed conflict," Palme stated: "I now look forward to hearing the leaders of the United States express their admiration for the courage and the discipline of the poor and oppressed in El Salvador and Guatemala, not to speak of Argentina and Chile, and their support of democratic aims." The S.I., he told a press conference, supported a government based on the Democratic Revolutionary Front of El Salvador, which he thought was the only basis for a democratic alternative. And if it proved true that the incoming administration was to de-emphasize human rights, Palme stressed that "the absence of it means torture and death squadrons" and encouragement for the Pinochets.

Indeed, concern for the Third World reflected an attempt by the leaders of the Socialist International to move out of their European ghetto. When the evening reception for the foreign guests was held, a crowd of 1,000 broke into cheers and clenched fists when leaders of the Sandinist and El

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Salvadoran movements made an appearance. Behind the scenes, the S.I. leaders, including Brandt, Palme and America's Michael Harrington, convened the first meeting of a body established by the Socialist International to support the Nicaraguan revolution and the Democratic Revolutionary Front in El Salvador.

Although the conference included a fair sprinkling of union leaders, as well as political figures like Ron Dellums—"the one-man socialist caucus in Congress," as Harrington dubbed him—and Minneapolis Mayor Donald Fraser, the representation from abroad was confined mainly to European socialists, with only a sprinkling of trade unionists. Indeed, few top-level American union leaders, save the socialist head of the International Association of Machinists, William Winpisinger, showed up. "We can only advise our missing friends," Winpisinger commented, "either lead or follow, but get the hell out of the way."

One of the reasons they did not come may have been opposition from the office of A.F.L.-C.I.O. president Lane Kirkland. Nine months ago, when the conference was first developed, Michael Harrington invited Kirkland to appoint a liaison from the A.F.L.-C.I.O. to help with the meeting. He also invited Kirkland and fifty other major American union leaders to attend, and asked Kirkland himself to speak. Kirkland did not respond, and Harrington was later told that the A.F.L.-C.I.O. president had been insulted because he felt that Harrington's letter had been too impersonal, and also that he had not been consulted enough.

After vainly attempting to reach Kirkland's top foreign policy staff aide, Tom Kahn (who was supposedly not in even though his secretary first asked me to let her know what I wanted so she could tell Kahn), I talked with a staff person who requested complete anonymity. This individual explained that Kirkland was annoyed that he was invited only after the meeting was "put to bed and fully developed," although the evidence indicates this was not the case.

One thing was clear. Kirkland's cool response and displeasure were made known to American and European union leaders and many of them stayed away. When I asked the official whether Kirkland had applied pressure, he only responded: "I don't reply to rumors." Yet it is a documented fact that back in March, a top A.F.L.-C.I.O. adviser convinced Kirkland that the union should not do anything that would legitimize Michael Harrington as a contact between European unions and socialist parties and the A.F.L.-C.I.O. As Winpisinger told one reporter: "They abhor Eurosocialism, and they thought it was an abomination for us to bring them over here."

It was also clear that European unionists who desire A.F.L.-C.I.O. re-entrance into the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions have to think twice before they offend Kirkland. And Kirkland was also miffed by the S.I.'s support of the Democratic Front in El Salvador; the A.F.L.-C.I.O. has announced its support of the junta.

European social democrats were also subjected to a small orchestrated campaign aimed at undermining the meeting in advance. An article in *Der Spiegel* not only confused the socialist Michael Harrington with the Congressman of the same name, but went on to inform its readers (incorrectly) that the U.S. Government considered Harrington to be "Communistic." Appearing on the eve of the Eurosocialist meeting in Washington, the piece was clearly an embarrassment to Brandt and the S.I. The *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, in a story on the S.I.'s recent conference in Spain, referred to Harrington and the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee as "left socialists," and attacked the newly adopted policies of the S.I. as leaning toward appeasement of Communism. It is apparent that in Europe, right-wing social democrats were doing their best to lower attendance at the Eurosocialist conference.

These machinations, thankfully, failed. As one of the unionists from Europe who did attend put it, "They have a conspiracy, but we have a movement." If anything, the meeting had much the effect Tony Benn hoped it would. It showed that even in America there was fertile ground for advancing a socialist alternative. "We have a country called the United States," Harrington said at the meeting's end. "Let's go out and take the message heard here to that country." Those in attendance thanked the Europeans for helping them to undertake that mission. □

RELUCTANT RE-ENTRY

Greece and NATO: Uncertain Ally

SARI GILBERT

Athens

Greece's coming re-entry into the North Atlantic Treaty Organization represents a considerable political breakthrough after years of fruitless negotiations and unhealthy tensions with Turkey, NATO and the United States. Although Greek and Turkish differences over operational control in the Aegean, air space and the continental shelf have yet to be finally resolved, an agreement in principle that opens the way to Greek reintegration into the NATO military structure after an absence of six years is seen by U.S. military planners as a reinforcement of the alliance's southern flank at a time when the Middle East is in turmoil and East-West relations are, at best, uncertain.

But the Greek Government's decision to accept a compromise plan—the fifth attempt in several years—worked out by the Supreme Allied Commander of U.S. Forces for NATO, Gen. Bernard Rogers, also has important domestic political repercussions. The fact is that after a long period of unusual political stability, Greece could be on the threshold of a period of pronounced political uncertainty. The ruling New Democracy Party—the conservative party that under Konstantinos Karamanlis's leadership picked up the pieces when the military junta collapsed in 1974—has its hopes

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riding on a favorable settlement with the Turks, probably with allied help, which will enable it to undercut the nationalistic appeal of its chief rival, the strongly anti-NATO Panhellenic Socialist Movement, or Pasok. Indeed, the Socialist Party, headed by Andreas Papandreou, has been able to exploit widespread resentment against the United States and its allies so successfully that some Greeks believe it could outpoll New Democracy in next year's elections.

The fact is that Greeks from all points of the political spectrum are still quick to express resentment at the tolerance its NATO allies, particularly the United States, showed toward the much-hated dictatorship after it took power in 1967. There is still smoldering anger at the United States and at the West in general for passively accepting the 1974 Turkish invasion of Cyprus, which forced 180,000 Greek Cypriots to leave their homes and left 40 percent of the island, including the most prosperous areas, in Turkish hands. The anger at the United States and its allies was so great at the time that even Karamanlis, a confirmed pro-Westerner who is credited with engineering Greece's entry into the European Economic Community (E.E.C.) next month, was forced to take a stand. In August 1974, the Greek Government withdrew from the NATO military structure. And as negotiations for re-entry lagged in recent months, the Government increasingly sought to loosen Pasok's monopoly on nationalism by threatening to close all U.S. bases in the country if the Americans—who were accused, with considerable justification, of a pronounced tilt toward Ankara—did not pressure the Turks into initialing an acceptable agreement.

Greece's first elections since 1977 must be held by November of 1981, and if the Government of Karamanlis's successor, George Rallis, who became President last April, has sought to speed a NATO *fait accompli*, it also certainly hopes to delay elections as long as possible in order to demonstrate to a suspicious electorate the presumed advantages of both reintegration into NATO and assumption of full Common Market membership, which is set for January 1. Clearly, from the American point of view, a Pasok victory would have troubling implications; although in recent months Papandreou has somewhat toned down his previous opposition to Greece's entry into the Common Market—he now says that as President he would hold a referendum on the subject—he is firmly pledged to closing American bases and taking Greece out of NATO. He appears committed to giving Greece an independent, neutralist foreign policy based on Yugoslav or Third World models. And many Greeks are convinced that, if elected, Papandreou would waste no time doing what he has always promised.

Another problem, should Pasok win, would be its choice of political allies, since the party on its own is unlikely to command a legislative majority. Unless he could convince what is left of the old Democratic Center to join him, Papandreou might be tempted to make an agreement with the anti-NATO, pro-Moscow Communist Party of the Exterior. And while many Greeks are convinced that the threat of another political intervention by the army has been almost totally exorcised, there are those who believe that the army would never tolerate a Pasok alliance with the Communists.

Although those who know Papandreou are convinced he has no intention of making a move that would be tantamount to political suicide, the prospect of either Communist membership in a government or military intervention ought to chill any NATO general's blood. After all, to them the main virtue of Greek membership in the E.E.C. (which will cause Greece severe growing pains and bring few economic gains to the Community) was to irrevocably tie the country to the democratic West. And yet American officials I talked to during a recent visit to Greece evinced no signs of alarm. The prevailing calm can perhaps be explained by the conviction that Pasok cannot defeat New Democracy. But after six years of political stability (owed mainly to Greece's "unfaithful" system of proportional representation, which in 1977 transformed the ruling party's 42 percent of the popular vote into a majority of 175 seats out of 300 in the single-house legislature), even the possibility of Italian-style instability and minority governments is hardly reassuring. And the indications are that the most likely outcome of the next vote will be the necessity for a coalition government.

Despite their reluctance to put too much pressure on the Turks, U.S. and NATO policy makers have at least made sure that when the next elections take place, Greece will be anchored firmly to Western moorings. And if the new Turkish military Government proves willing to make some concessions on outstanding Greek-Turkish problems, so much the better. But unfortunately those concerned seem to be overlooking a crucial fact: despite its undeniable appeal to nationalistic sentiments, Pasok's attraction is not limited to those with foreign policy gripes. "Pasok is for the working man," is a phrase that was heard frequently.

Since the collapse of the junta, New Democracy has had few challengers, but its majority has shrunk steadily from what it was in the heady days of 1974 when Karamanlis returned from exile to lead his party to a victory with 54 percent of the vote. By 1977, that figure had dropped to 42 percent, and the current forecasts for next year's vote are between 34 and 38 percent. The fact is that many average Greeks have been angered by the Government's failure to deal effectively with a mounting balance of payments deficit and, even worse, with a 25 percent inflation rate that is particularly painful for those with fixed incomes. The ruling party has sought to counter these charges by blaming the international economic downturn and seeking credit for the 7 percent growth rate that the country enjoyed until only recently. But the Government's standing among liberals has also suffered from its failure to enact several long-promised reforms in the fields of taxes, education and family legislation. In addition, say its critics, the Government has been either unwilling or unable to overcome opposition from the Greek Orthodox Church to civil marriage, still nonexistent here, and abortion. "The fact is," says Leonidas Kirkos, the only deputy of the tiny Eurocommunist Party, "the Greek people want change and New Democracy is not about to give it to them." □

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A TACTIC FOR REAGAN

Repeal by Indirection

STEPHEN GILLERS

In 1971, halfway through his eight years as Governor of California, Ronald Reagan vetoed $1.9 million in Federal poverty funds slated for California Rural Legal Assistance (C.R.L.A.), perhaps the most successful legal services program in the nation. Federal law then permitted governors to veto such Office of Economic Opportunity grants in their states. The ostensible grounds for Governor Reagan's veto were complaints about C.R.L.A. from state judges and lawyers. The complaints were solicited with a promise of anonymity by the Governor's poverty director, Lewis Uhler, a former John Birch Society member. The complaints were said to show that C.R.L.A. violated standards of legal ethics, and the veto was justified on that ground.

But in an interview with *Newsweek*, Uhler revealed the true motive for the veto: "Why should we pay the salaries of a lot of guys to run around and look up rules so they can sue the state? The most a poor person is going to need a lawyer for is some divorce problems, some bankruptcy problems, some garnishment problems. What we've created in C.R.L.A. is an economic leverage equal to that existing in large corporations. Clearly that should not be." Significantly, many of C.R.L.A.'s impressive court victories (it had an 80 percent win record) were against the interests of the Governor's supporters, including the state's powerful agricultural corporations.

When hearings on the charges against C.R.L.A. were held, none of them were sustained and the Federal Government duly overrode the veto.

There is a lesson here for the next four years. An attack on the enforcement of a right is less visible than a challenge to the right itself. Enforcement issues involve legal procedures the public does not easily grasp. In the C.R.L.A. example, Governor Reagan did not directly oppose the rights asserted. He criticized the way the lawyers in C.R.L.A. represented their clients and urged that their role be privately financed. The battle was thus shifted from the terrain of substantive rights to that of procedures, which is one step removed. This strategy was called by my colleague Burt Neuborne, in a parallel context, a "repeal by indirection."

Repeal by indirection takes many forms. For example, you can't easily go to court if you haven't got a lawyer. Thus, it can be expected that, as he did with C.R.L.A., the new President will attempt to dismantle or cripple the Legal Services Corporation, whose lawyers, in the last fifteen years, have won important Supreme Court rulings on behalf of the poor and minorities. In the campaign, Reagan spoke of prohibiting the use of Federal funds to litigate "political and public policy issues," and he advocated "increased activity on the part of local government and local bar associations." Howard Phillips, who as head of O.E.O. tried valiantly to dismantle the legal services program in the Nixon years, and who is now director of the Conservative Caucus Inc., recently announced that his organization would work to kill the program. The conservative Heritage Foundation is also calling for its abolition. Abolition requires legislation. It will be easier to weaken the program. Reagan will appoint all eleven members of the corporation's board of directors next year and will pass on its $300 million budget.

Another kind of repeal by indirection was the attempt in the Senate to prohibit the Justice Department from using funds to litigate cases which may result in school busing. A rider attached to an appropriations bill would not only have barred the department from requesting busing but also from participating in cases where busing *might* be ordered—which, in practice, means every school desegregation case. Of course, the anti-busing rider, which was ultimately deleted after President Carter said he would veto it, would not block the right of private parties to request court-ordered busing. But since the Justice Department can bring to bear many times the resources that private civil rights lawyers can call upon, barring its participation undermines the rights of the victims of discrimination.

Federal administrative agencies also protect rights that would otherwise go largely unenforced. Often these rights involve small amounts of money, or the people they protect are ignorant of them, making it unlikely that anyone will assert them in court. The Federal Trade Commission, for example, under its current chairman, Michael Pertschuk, has been particularly active on behalf of consumers. Private interests have struck back through Congressional efforts to limit the F.T.C.'s rule-making authority and to deny it jurisdiction over certain categories of industries. The consumers' rights remain, but the only entity likely to enforce them is hobbled. Another example of this tactic was the filibuster, in the waning days of the 96th Congress, to block enactment of a bill that would have enabled the Housing and Urban Development Department to assist victims of housing discrimination through a quicker and less costly administrative hearing procedure. Similar strategies may be used in the years ahead against other agencies that play an important role in protecting individual rights—for example, the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission.

Perhaps the least visible of possible moves toward repeal by indirection will be in the internal policies of the Justice Department itself. The department has a civil rights division with vast powers (not always vigorously used, to be sure) to protect the rights of minorities and women against invasion by government and private entities. We must watch to see whom the new Administration appoints as Deputy Attorney

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General in charge of civil rights, his or her budget, the enforcement staff and how active the staff is allowed to be.

Finally, there is the matter of Federal court jurisdiction. Repeatedly in the history of our country Congress has reacted to unpopular Supreme Court decisions with bills to limit its power or the power of lower Federal courts. The extent to which Congress may do this is unclear. We have seen efforts at jurisdictional limitations after court decisions on reapportionment, school prayers and busing, among other subjects. There can be no more blatant effort at repeal by indirection. Congress says, in effect, the right you claim might exist, but you cannot claim it in a Federal court, not even if you have a lawyer and money. These Congressional efforts have in modern times failed to pass, sometimes by close votes. With a new Congress and a new President, the odds of achieving closure have changed in favor of success.

Affirming a right while undercutting the means to enforce it may be smart politics, but it is a dishonest and cynical way to administer justice. The courts cannot protect against these tactics as they can against direct assaults. Resistance to them requires that those who support fair court access be able to recognize repeal by indirection and reveal it when it occurs. It should be both a conservative and a liberal principle to assure recourse to judicial power. Without it, one does not need a great imagination to appreciate where grievances will otherwise be aired. □

Hazardous Waste

(Continued From Front Cover)

ment determines its own health and safety criteria without any oversight from the N.R.C. or the public. Above all, the absence of N.R.C. licensing has prevented the public from becoming aware of Federal nuclear wastes.

A bill (S. 2980) that would modestly expand the N.R.C.'s authority over Government wastes has been introduced in the Senate by Senator Gary Hart, but the legislation is meeting opposition from the Energy Department and the House and Senate Armed Services Committees. They claim N.R.C. regulation would jeopardize national security. However, the bill's sponsors in the Senate Subcommittee on Nuclear Regulation believe S. 2980 is vital for public safety. "I have this terrible nagging hunch," said subcommittee member Senator Alan Simpson, "that under the shield of national security we may find some very questionable practices with regard to disposal of Federal wastes."

The problem of nuclear waste is highly controversial in the United States, and the public holds the commercial nuclear industry responsible for it. The poisonous substance plutonium is also controversial, and three years ago President Jimmy Carter announced with much fanfare that the United States had "abandoned" plutonium technologies. In reality, the Federal Government is equally responsible, along with industry, for generating nuclear waste, and has certainly not abandoned plutonium technologies.

This difference between reality and public perception has created a very dangerous situation in which decisions within the Department of Energy on the disposal of Federal wastes are strongly influenced by a desire to avoid publicity and proceed unhindered with the production of plutonium.

Federal high-level (HL) waste disposal has been deferred for thirty-five years. Current funding needs for waste *storage* are quite low, but final HL waste disposal will cost many billions of dollars. The steep rise in expenditures that will be necessary is likely to lead to Congressional and public criticism of the D.O.E.'s (now expanding) plutonium-production operations, which are the source of Federal nuclear wastes. For the D.O.E. to proceed with waste disposal is therefore to jeopardize its own plutonium-production program, a fact that tends to neutralize incentives in the D.O.E. to solve the Federal wastes problem.

Few countervailing forces exist within this closed system. N.R.C. regulation would force an upgrading of the D.O.E.'s waste operations and could catalyze a much-needed public debate on Federal wastes and plutonium production. But that will require public pressure, because there is no one in the Government willing or powerful enough to impose N.R.C. regulation on the D.O.E. waste system.

In all categories of nuclear waste—low level, TRU* (plutonium-bearing), and high level—the quantities of Federal wastes either exceed or equal what has been generated by private industry. The D.O.E. maintains fifteen low-level/TRU disposal sites across the country, and has accumulated seventy-five million gallons of HL waste in storage tanks in South Carolina and Washington State. Federal HL wastes currently contain some 570 million curies of radioactivity in long-lived fission products (strontium and cesium) alone. If plutonium production had ceased in 1980, this amount would drop by 100 million curies in ten years due to radioactive decay. Instead, in September, President Carter ordered substantial production increases, which will add new wastes to the D.O.E.'s HL storage tanks.

The D.O.E.'s HL waste tanks have deteriorated far below N.R.C. safety standards. "I'll tell you flatly right now, those tanks are unlicensable," then-chairman of the N.R.C. Joseph Hendrie told Senator Hart's subcommittee last winter. He was referring to tanks at the Hanford Reservation in Washington State, where two-thirds of the Government's HL waste inventory is stored. Hendrie doesn't want to get involved, but if Congress makes the N.R.C. responsible for the Hanford wastes, "we will try to shut down that whole operation," Hendrie said in hearings on S. 2980.

Hendrie's threat is to be taken lightly, because the Hanford waste storage system is too large to be shut down. Fifty million gallons of HL waste are stored at Hanford in 149

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*Note: Generally speaking, high-level wastes are those resulting from reprocessing of used or spent reactor fuel, while low-level refers to other radioactive material, including naturally occurring and contaminated items. "High" and "low" do not refer to the amount of radioactivity emitted. TRU: transuranic; having an atomic weight higher than uranium; an element, such as plutonium, produced by nuclear bombardment of uranium.

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holding tanks, some of which were built in the 1940s and as many as fifty-eight of which are leaking. The Hanford wastes are probably the largest collection of hazardous materials on earth, the result of the reprocessing of more than 100,000 tons of irradiated fuel at the site during more than three decades of plutonium production. According to the D.O.E., the cost for permanent disposal of the Hanford wastes may run as high as $30 billion.

The D.O.E.'s other major production site is the Savannah River Plant in South Carolina. Some twenty-four million gallons of HL waste are now stored in Savannah River tanks, with disposal costs estimated as high as $10 billion. That brings the disposal bill up to $40 billion for existing high-level wastes alone, not including future wastes and not including TRU and low-level disposal. A concerned public made aware of this information through N.R.C. licensing proceedings might well ask if it is advisable to continue plutonium production in the United States. Hart's bill, S. 2980, might let "the camel's nose in the tent."

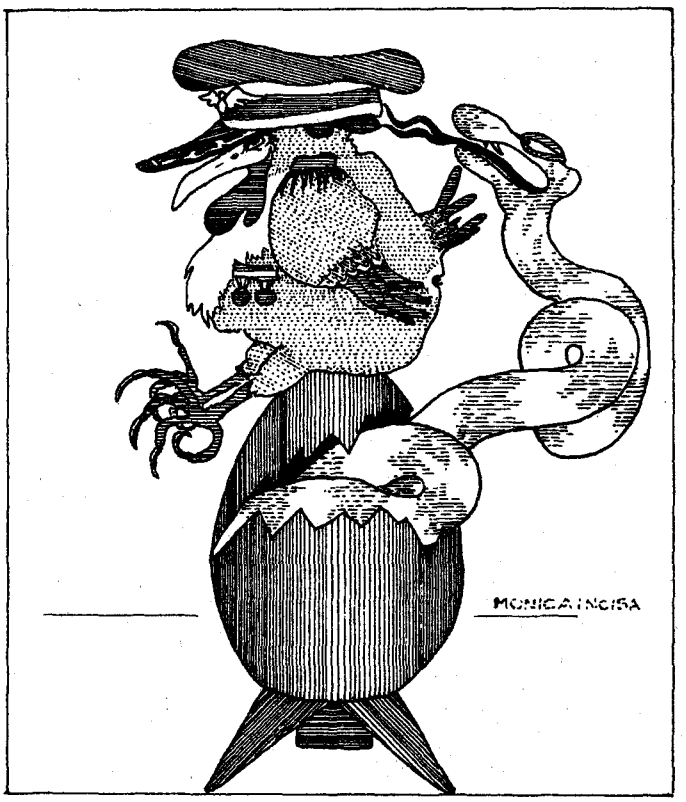
The D.O.E. and the Atomic Energy Commission have produced enough plutonium for the 30,000 nuclear warheads now deployed by the United States, and for stockpiling. One expert estimates that the Government has manufactured fifty tons of the substance, and still it continues to produce it, even though Duane Sewell, Assistant Secretary for Defense Programs with the D.O.E., told the Senate Appropriations Committee in March of 1979: "There is currently a sufficient inventory of [recycled] nuclear material available from weapons being retired each year to supply our projected demand for new weapons we plan to produce."

Testimony before the House and Senate Armed Services Committees within the past two years revealed a sharp difference of opinion between the committees' leadership and the D.O.E. The Energy Department believes that current plutonium-production levels are adequate, while the Armed Services Committees want production increased. The Senate Committee chairman, Henry Jackson, sought alternative views to those presented by the D.O.E., and before long he began to refer to secret studies from the Defense Department and the National Security Council allegedly describing a "serious shortage" of weapons plutonium. The committees then demanded that the President authorize increased plutonium-production levels, which Carter did shortly before the election. In the meantime, the Energy Department wants to build a new production reactor, at a cost of $3 billion, so it can continue to manufacture plutonium for the rest of the century.

Staff members on the Senate Subcommittee on Nuclear Regulation said one of the roots of S. 2980 was the testimony of Steven Stalos, a Hanford tank-farm manager who resigned in 1978 in protest of waste-management practices at the Reservation. Stalos's primary charges, which led to an investigation by the Department of Energy, were that monitoring for waste-tank leaks was being reduced and that the D.O.E. failed to classify apparently leaking tanks as such. The D.O.E. investigation and a March 1980 report to the Assistant Secretary for Environment yielded the information that in addition to the twenty tanks announced to be leaking as of 1975, another thirty-eight tanks are probably leaking HL wastes into the Hanford soil. Moreover, the D.O.E.'s statistical analyses confidently predict a steady number of new tank leaks in the future.

The hazard of leaks is reduced by the fact that the water table at Hanford lies far below the surface (150 to 300 feet down). In addition, a program to solidify waste in the Hanford tanks has been underway since 1970. Some fifteen million gallons of liquid currently remain. However, when the first leak occurred in 1958, the entire Hanford HL waste inventory was liquid, and the Reservation faced a catastrophe. As Department of Energy studies establish, the bottoms will eventually fall out of all 149 Hanford tanks. If this had occurred while the wastes were still liquid and mobile, fifty million gallons of HL waste would have "escaped engineered control." There would have been no way to stop the wastes from draining down to the water table, and from there to the Columbia River, on which Hanford is located. The Reservation would have become an uncontrollable source of discharging radioactivity, permanently.

In 1974, when Congress established the N.R.C., Federal nuclear operations were exempted from the commission's licensing procedures. The only exception is that any site for the final disposal of HL waste must be licensed by the N.R.C. Such sites are now referred to as National Geologic Repositories; none have been established yet, but under current plans National Repositories will be the final resting place for both commercial spent fuel and Department of Energy HL wastes. The 1974 law therefore created for the first time a facility containing nuclear-weapons waste that will come under the health and safety regulation of an independent outside agency.



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The law passed because the political influence of the A.E.C. industry and its defenders in the Congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy was at a low ebb in 1974—both the A.E.C. and the Joint Committee were dissolved that year for conflict of interest and promotional activity. Now, however, the A.E.C.'s plutonium operation is settled in the D.O.E., and the A.E.C.'s Joint Committee supporters, such as Senator Henry Jackson and Representative Melvin Price, have regrouped in the House and Senate Armed Services Committees. These two committees have jurisdiction over Federal nuclear wastes, as well as plutonium production, and Jackson and Price are determined to hold the line against any further regulatory encroachments on the weapons facilities, such as Senator Hart's bill, S. 2980.

Indeed, Senator Jackson's current objective is to circumvent entirely the 1974 law and establish an unlicensed National Repository exclusively for the disposal of the D.O.E.'s high-level and TRU wastes at the proposed WIPP (Waste Isolation Pilot Plant) repository in New Mexico. Over the objections of the Carter Administration, the Armed Services Committees have won Congressional approval for legislation authorizing funds for WIPP and prohibiting N.R.C. licensing of the facility on the basis of a loophole in the 1974 law.

In a message to Congress last February, Carter said he opposes the establishment of any unlicensed National Repository. However, under the Carter policy, most of the D.O.E.'s waste operations would still remain outside N.R.C. jurisdiction. The Administration's policy was based on the recommendations of the Interagency Review Group (I.R.G.), which made a major study of national nuclear-waste policy that was concluded last year. The review group took up the question of expanding N.R.C. regulation to include currently exempt categories of D.O.E. wastes, as did a separate study (known as NUREG-0527), conducted by the N.R.C. itself at the direction of the Hart subcommittee. The only important licensing extension the two studies recommended was the licensing of final disposal of TRU wastes.

In 1978, all five N.R.C. commissioners had recommended to the Hart subcommittee that the commission license the D.O.E.'s high-level waste-storage tanks, but after completing NUREG-0527, three commissioners changed their minds. The Hanford tanks are, as chairman Hendrie said in dismay, "a quarter of a century old." The N.R.C., apparently, wants to regulate only new facilities where standards and criteria are clear-cut. Commissioners Gilinsky and Peter Bradford, however, dissented from their three colleagues and recommended that the N.R.C. should license the Energy Department's present high-level waste-storage tanks.

S. 2980 emerges from these deliberations. The objectives of the licensing provisions of the bill are to enact the consensus recommendations of the I.R.G. and the N.R.C.; to close the loophole in the 1974 law that would enable Senator Jackson to establish an unlicensed National Repository, and to create the possibility of N.R.C. oversight of the high-level waste tanks. The key provision of the bill calls for a five-year pilot program under which the commission would regulate five to ten Department of Energy waste sites, including "at least one HL waste tank." The bill also gives the President authority to suspend the pilot program at any time he finds it a threat to national security.

The Hart subcommittee was not impressed by the D.O.E.'s arguments against Nuclear Regulatory Commission oversight of the HL tanks. The department took the position that "no benefit to the public health and safety" would result from such oversight of Federal wastes and declared that "N.R.C. should have no right to interfere or involve itself in any of D.O.E.'s high priority, indispensable national programs." Among the intolerable features of N.R.C. regulation, the D.O.E. cited "visits to facilities and requests for detailed information," "hearings and appeals from initial determinations, possible judicial involvement" and "the need to comply with regulatory edicts." N.R.C. regulation might delay the production of nuclear bombs, the D.O.E. contended. The department rejected Senator Hart's idea of a "buffer" of temporary waste holding points exempt from N.R.C. jurisdiction.

Actually, the Hanford tanks, as N.R.C. commissioner Gilinsky pointed out, "are full, and they really have nothing to do with the production chain any longer." There is no nuclear-weapons fabrication taking place at Hanford, and the single plutonium-production reactor now operating at the site is producing fuel-grade, rather than weapons-grade, plutonium.

At the point when the D.O.E. admitted in hearings that atomic secrets would not be revealed by publishing waste data on the Hanford tanks, Senator Hart exclaimed in exasperation, "Isn't the D.O.E.'s real concern, which they failed to state this morning, that is, the public access, hearings, intervention and all the rest of it, isn't that what really concerns them?"

"It is," a D.O.E. official replied, "a line drawing problem. A line may look fine when you draw it," he continued, "but it may not stay there. If you draw a line somewhere, it could be moved somewhere else," and then "precedence would be set."

There are two main options for final disposal of the Hanford HL tank wastes: leave the wastes in the tanks permanently, or empty the tanks and move the wastes to a National Repository. Both options are unsatisfactory. HL wastes in the Hanford tanks contain 110 million curies of radioactivity (and 390 kilograms of plutonium). The ground-disposed low-level/TRU wastes contain at least three million curies (plus 633 kilograms of plutonium). Large portions of these wastes are long-lived fission products, which remain hazardous for 700 years, and the plutonium remains hazardous for thousands of years. Another 165 million curies in capsules of long-lived fission products (strontium 90 and cesium 137), which were stripped out of HL wastes to prevent boiling, are also stored in cooling ponds at Hanford.

The low-level/TRU wastes, and the HL tank wastes (capsules excluded), lie very close to the land surface of the Reservation. The low-level/TRU wastes were ground-

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disposed over an area of 700 acres, and most of the long-lived radioactivity and plutonium in this material has penetrated no deeper than fifteen feet in soil. The bottoms of the HL waste tanks lie at a depth of fifty feet. The contaminated region is therefore a shallow layer of the surface of the Reservation. If the wastes are left in place, this surface will have to be stabilized and kept under observation for 700 years. The D.O.E. says the main problem they see with the stability of the surface is that a glacier could form on the site millenniums hence; however, a few years ago rodents burrowed into waste deposits at Hanford and spread radioactivity over four square miles.

The American public is under the impression that concentrated, long-lived nuclear wastes, such as HL wastes and spent commercial fuel, will be buried in National Geologic Repositories engineered to the highest standards of safety. But the D.O.E. people who are actually working on the Hanford wastes regard moving the tank wastes to a National Repository as a practical impossibility because the costs and the health hazards would be so immense.

The Hanford tanks were designed for fifty-year storage of *liquid* wastes. Solids, however, soon precipitated out of the liquid in the form of a sludge, which covers the bottom of every tank to depths of sixteen feet. When more tanks began leaking in the 1960s, the liquid above the sludge was pumped out, evaporated to a loose solid and returned to the tanks. Some fifteen million gallons of irreducible liquids still mixed with the solids will be the source of future leaks at Hanford—leaks which the D.O.E. is convinced will not reach the water table in significant quantities. Otherwise, the tanks contain solids which are extremely difficult to remove; the sludge in most Hanford tanks has never been moved since it was first deposited decades ago.

The domes of the Hanford tanks are buried under seven feet of earth. The only access to the interiors are narrow liquid (or slurry) conduits and instrument openings, and the tank interiors are obstructed by girders and cooling coils. All interior engineering must be done by remote control and requires elaborate equipment to mine the tanks and shield workers from radioactivity. The Hanford tanks can be emptied, but only, as one D.O.E. official put it, "at enormous cost." For practical purposes, in other words, the Hanford tank wastes are irretrievable.

If the wastes are moved, emptying the tanks would be only the first step of a vast engineering project. Laboriously, tediously, over years, the millions of gallons of contents must be converted to a durable, water-resistant solid. Millions of canisters must then be produced, and if a National Repository is not built in Hanford bedrock, the canisters must be shipped over the nation's highways to an off-site repository. The D.O.E. estimates that this entire operation would cost $30 billion, and many in the department would rather not undertake it. "You can do anything with technology," one Hanford manager put it recently, "but, considering the workers' exposure and the money involved, is it worthwhile to move the Hanford wastes?"

WALK OUT ON WAR!

Monday, January 5

first day of registration

no "volunteer" army, no registration, no nukes, no draft, no war

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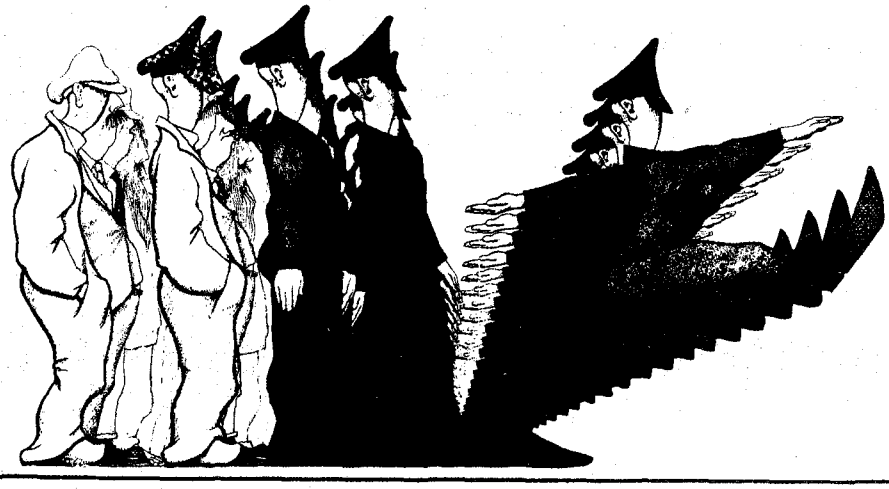

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Instead, say many D.O.E. officials enthusiastically, why not just leave the wastes where they are? It would be about $25 billion cheaper to leave the 110 million curies buried under seven feet of earth in 149 rickety storage tanks. The department envisions filling the tanks with sand to catch the domes when they collapse, building up the earth cover and paving the entire surface, including the low-level/TRU burial grounds.

This is "tank isolation," the leading option inside the D.O.E. for ultimate disposal of the Hanford HL wastes, and it is a far cry from the criteria which have been set for National Geologic Repositories: burial *deep* underground in *bedrock* in an *insoluble*, durable waste form; *unrestricted access* to the land surface, and *termination of surveillance* after a few decades. Half the Hanford tank contents are a loosely consolidated salt, which readily dissolves. The land surface is radioactive now, and would never be open for unrestricted access as a paved surface. The burial is shallow—in soil, not rock—and the surveillance requirements if the wastes are left in place are unending.

The D.O.E. is aware that "tank isolation" does not fit the criteria for National Repositories—criteria now being specified in detail by the N.R.C. Therefore, it is necessary to keep the N.R.C. out of Hanford. If the N.R.C. disapproved "tank isolation," then the D.O.E. would have to go to Congress for the necessary $20 billion or $30 billion to do a proper waste-disposal job at Hanford, *plus* the additional $10 billion which will be needed to dispose of the Government's other gargantuan HL waste collection—the contents of thirty-seven tanks at the Savannah River Plant in South Carolina.

There are two main differences between HL waste storage at Savannah River and Hanford: at Savannah River the leaking tanks have a "saucer" from which liquids can be pumped, and the tanks are *at* the water table. Savannah River receives seventy inches of rain per year (compared to six inches at Hanford), and it is situated above a major aquifer. The D.O.E. is not considering final HL waste disposal on-site at Savannah River. Instead, the options that are too costly and too risky to be undertaken at Hanford *must* be carried out at Savannah River. There, HL wastes must be retrieved from the tanks, must be immobilized and must be shipped to an off-site repository.

Most of the new wastes from the increased production levels authorized by President Carter will be generated at Savannah River. Yet the question of nuclear wastes was apparently not even considered when the decision to increase production was made. Six weeks after the decision, the people in the D.O.E.'s Office of Waste Operations in Washington, D.C., said that the department "doesn't know" how much waste will result from the new production.

The D.O.E. would not mind spending $40 billion for waste disposal. The problem for the department is that asking Congress for sums of this size might trigger scrutiny of D.O.E. operations by outsiders who do not understand the importance of plutonium production.

Therefore, it is in the D.O.E.'s interest to keep a low profile on its waste operations, defer final decisions on HL waste disposal for as long as possible and delay tabulating the total bill. If there are any inquiries, the D.O.E. can "throw out the words 'national security' and have everybody go into paralysis," as Commissioner Gilinsky put it. Plutonium production can be maintained, and the disposal bill for current and future wastes can be presented years from now. Congress will then be forced to pay the bill, just as it will be forced to pay for disposal of Government wastes created so far.

The problem for the American people is that responsibility for waste management is in the hands of decision makers in the Department of Energy and the Armed Services Committees whose chief interest is in plutonium production. Local Federal waste managers have had trouble getting access to these decision makers. According to one D.O.E. official, the reason Hanford managers began talking publicly about HL waste-tank leaks in the early 1970s was to bring to the attention of a relatively oblivious Joint Committee on Atomic Energy the seriousness of the waste situation at the facility. Today, Hanford's managers are worried about the underfunding of waste operations, but the leadership of the Armed Services Committees is worried about the "underfunding" of plutonium production. And in the name of their sacred priority, the Armed Services Committees give every indication of having coerced an unwilling President Carter to authorize higher plutonium-production levels during the tense weeks prior to the November election.

No Government figures have been published to back up the committees' assertions of a sudden, unexpected "shortfall" in the plutonium supply. Defense Department and National Security Council reports allegedly show these shortfalls, but since the studies are classified, the assumptions on which they are based cannot be evaluated. These assumptions are critical to defining a "shortage." For example, how large are the Government's stockpiles? Have all the weapons constituting the alleged demand been authorized for deployment, or are some only on the weapons planners' wish list?

Immediately up to the time of Carter's September decision to increase production, the firm position of the D.O.E. and the Administration was that *existing production levels are adequate to meet weapons needs.* The decision to increase production is of great importance, and it cannot stand in the face of so much public disagreement among government officials.

The most dangerous result, however, of D.O.E.'s need to conceal the HL waste problem and fend off questions about plutonium production is that this creates pressures within the department to choose cheap, possibly inadequate, disposal plans like "tank isolation" at Hanford. N.R.C. oversight of HL waste operations, like that outlined in S. 2980, would open up Federal waste planning to scrutiny by the public and nongovernment scientists. Without N.R.C. oversight, however, D.O.E. may be able to implement plans like tank isolation, and to do so in a manner quite beyond public control. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Alone at High Noon

NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

WHISTLE BLOWING! LOYALTY AND DISSENT IN THE CORPORATION. *By Alan F. Westin. McGraw-Hill Book Company. 181 pp. $12.50.*

One of the longest-lasting American archetypes is the lone caballero: the honest man who sees a wrong, is angered by it and sets it aright. Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, The Lone Ranger, Dirty Harry and Buford Pusey. As these names suggest, the avenging angel is high class or low class, puerile or more in accord with adult fantasizing over social justice, but *au fond* the conviction holds that one angry man can make the world good again.

Ralph Nader's popularity began to thin when he ceased looking like Jimmy Stewart and the niggling noodleheads of mediadom commenced accusing the man of building a public interest empire, a common-good conglomerate. Woodstein have propelled an unconscionable number of heroes and heroines into J-school because they are seen as two naked young men in single combat against the same serpents of corrupt power who snuffed Laocoön. There they are, not the paid employees of a mega-corporation (last year's sales, $600 million) but alone at High Noon against the bullies.

Alan Westin, the much-respected professor of public law and government at Columbia University, has put together a collection of ten of society's single heroes, whistle blowers who stood up to the corporations that employed them on important issues like health, safety, or discrimination. All the chapters are very interesting, but they are not case histories and make no claim to being the full story. The other side's versions are not given here, nor does a neutral voice tell us it has looked into these matters and what the speaker says is substantially correct. In some instances, there have been court cases and governmental tribunals that have found in the whistle blower's favor, so we do have more than their unsubstantiated word, but how much more is not so easy to decide.

By their own accounts, these whistle blowers got into trouble the way Spencer Tracy did in *Bad Day at Black Rock*. It was not their intention to make a fuss, but what can you do if the airplane you're flying has an autopilot that disengages without the non-autopilot's realizing what has happened until the jet is pointing into a mountain wall? First you say "fix it," in polite tones, and if that doesn't work, you grab both gunwales on the corporate rowboat and begin tilting from side to side.

In some instances this results in remedial action, but in all save a few cases it also results in your losing your job. Before you lose it, however, you may be branded a social psychotic and be forced to undergo company-sponsored shrink sessions (does psychiatry have any other purpose in democratic or totalitarian society than police work and social discipline?) or you find yourself blackballed in your industry and profession. In any event, he or she who bloweth the whistle can positively look forward to a miserable work experience on the job before losing it, a severe drop in income afterward and a long, long time before a judge can be found to order the corporation to pony up some monetary heart balm.

The book contains no story of a whistle blower who discovered the company was selling a dangerous product, reported it upstairs and was subsequently called in by the C.E.O. and knighted. Nor does Westin, in his thoughtful concluding essay, speculate on whether there are such happy endings. Life teaches that we only want "constructive criticism" as long as we don't get any, and that we aren't about to take any from people on our own payroll. That's why newspaper ombudsmen, persons specifically hired by management to blow the whistle, are about as effective at redressing grievances as the Better Business Bureau is at policing dishonest sales practices.

The whistler has other obstacles that may not be so readily apparent. The generalized "we" out there whom the lonesome hero is seeking to protect may not entirely want its champion's services. That may have been the case with the nuclear engineer whistle blower in the book. This is an industry where it is not clear how much protection the people actually want as opposed to the appearance of protection.

The same holds true for the Ford safety engineer whose good conscience nagged him into blowing the whistle on the Pinto. The gist of his contention is that the Ford Motor Company's management had to choose between a Pinto with a safer gas tank at a not-too-competitive price, or the now infamous, rupture-prone tank and being able to go toe-to-toe with the Japanese. The whistle blower imperils more than the stockholders' profits; many others stand to lose as well, which may explain most whistle blowers' brief and uncertain celebrity. People who discover carcinogens in the workplace don't get ticker tape parades.

Peter Faulkner, a systems application engineer, was not invited to Washington to get his hero award from the hands of a grateful nation when he blew the whistle on General Electric's Mark III reactor containment design. "My engineering career ended abruptly," he writes in the book, but not before his employer, the Nuclear Services Corporation, had the company shrink interrogate him to discover the sources of "his deep-seated hostility." You gotta be crazy to cause trouble, *n'est-ce pas*? But beyond the corporate profit motive the reason T.M.I. and the China Syndrome haven't red-alerted the atomic power industry into the ashcan is that 200 million of us are stretched between wanting cheap electricity and the danger of a whiff of radiation we figure somebody else is going to get. The calculation may be based on a serious misapprehension of the facts, but, don't you understand, you gotta take chances if you want to keep your job.

Westin ends the book with a number of sensible suggestions as to how the law might be changed to make whistle blowing a profession with a less than 100 percent job mortality rate. These involve more laws, more litigation, commissions and such. That may be the best route to go, but some cost-benefit analysis is needed to demonstrate that the answer to the Occupational Safety and Health Administration's inadequacies is more OSHA. The kind of juridico-administrative mechanisms West-

Nicholas von Hoffman is a syndicated columnist and author, most recently, of Make Believe Presidents *(Pantheon).*

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in appears to be advocating are not working terribly well for us. They are better than nothing but how much better hasn't been calculated.

Procedures that entail years of litigation, hearings, investigations and briefs give scant protection to the whistle blower or the public at large. Moreover, there is a limit to how much more of the gross national product a society afflicted with productivity problems can dedicate to lawyers, law courts and tribunals. Lawyers may think lawsuits settle problems, but the consequences of the legal binge of the last generation should suggest that laws and lawyers have become the national equivalent of dog turds on the sidewalk. We have to skip around them to deal effectively with the problem.

Protection for both whistle blowers and the mass of other people the whistle blowers seek to protect may turn out to be more effectively found in rejuvenated labor unions, consumer co-ops and other kinds of mass-based voluntary organizations that don't have to resort to the law courts but can apply power directly and brutally over the bony pates of corporate malefactors.

Anyhow, for all interested in the topic, this is a book to read. □

'The Life-Saving Process'

ROBERT B. SHAW

JOURNEY AROUND MY ROOM: The Autobiography of Louise Bogan. *A Mosaic. By Ruth Limmer. The Viking Press. 197 pp. $13.95.*

Every part of the subtitle of this book deserves comment. Louise Bogan, the well-known poet and critic who died at age 72 in 1970, never completed what in conventional terms could be called an autobiography. "Mosaic" is an apt word for this assemblage by Ruth Limmer, Bogan's literary executor, of widely disparate writings of a personal bent—journals and notebooks, short stories, articles, letters and poems (including a few not before published). In Limmer's imaginative but unobtrusive arrangement, these fragments fuse in a greater unity than one would have thought possible. Gaps, some of them considerable, remain; this is not a full self-portrait but a revealing sketch for one. As a much-anthologized poet and *The New Yorker*'s regular reviewer of verse, Bogan could have sought the public eye as assiduously as some of her contemporaries—Edna St. Vincent Millay, for example. Privacy remained her passion, however; she met life with the wariness of one who was her own sole protector. Given her intense reticence and the traumatic quality of the past that was hers to remember, it is remarkable that she got as much on paper as she did.

As a record of events, the book is by no means sunny reading. Although Bogan had that talent often observed in Irish lapsed Catholics for taking things hard, much that happened to her would have been hard on anyone. Her greatly loved elder brother was killed in World War I. She had two bad marriages. The first, briefer one was to an army officer whom she wedded at 19 in a spirit of rebellious escape, and with whom it soon became apparent she had nothing in common. The second marriage, longer and more emotionally destructive, was to Raymond Holden, a now-forgotten lyric poet whose talent did not begin to approach hers. She lived through phases of near-alcoholism, and was hospitalized several times for psychic strain. As with most writers, she struggled during her life to stay solvent, and often found it a losing battle.

In her last years she wrote little verse and found it harder to withstand, even with the help of drugs, the waves of depression that increasingly engulfed her. Some of these agonies come clear only in Limmer's introduction and table of chronology. Except for a tense account of the breakup of her marriage to Holden, Bogan's treatment of cheerless adult experiences is oblique and elliptical. What she writes of more amply is the unhappy childhood that lay behind and no doubt determined some of these later events. It was those earliest wounds—which people may at length grow used to, but can never in a lifetime outgrow—that she felt compelled to uncover.

Bogan's parents were antithetical personalities who could not finally break away from each other; the household was a place of continual strife. "I must have experienced violence from birth," she writes. "But I remember it, at first, as only bound up with *flight*." She sets down a typical scene:

> It is in lamplight, with strong shadows, and an open trunk is the center of it. The curved lid of the trunk is thrown back, and my mother is bending over the trunk, and packing things into it. She is crying and she screams. My father, somewhere in the shadows, groans as though he has been hurt. . . . And then my mother sweeps me into her arms and carries me out of the room.

Separations were followed by reconciliations, equally doomed. The child effaced as much of this as she could from consciousness: once, for two days, she went blind. "I remember my sight coming back, by seeing the flat forked light of the gas flame, in its etched glass shade, suddenly appearing beside the bureau. What had I seen? I shall never know."

The father remains a dim figure, always, dogged in his attempt to live with a woman he could not understand. From scattered details one gets a vivid impression of the mother's volatile character, her beauty and recklessness, her alternate fits of boredom with domesticity and of guilty conscience

Robert B. Shaw teaches in the English department at Yale University and is the author of a collection of poetry, Comforting the Wilderness *(Wesleyan).*

MEMO

I keep on returning
to that same old myth
of regeneration with
another, as if I
didn't believe in
myself enough and then
had to put the blame
on loving friends for
what I never will do:
It isn't fair, this wish
to wipe my slate clean
with another's life, this
forcing of roses to
bloom out of my dung;
and you could be just
the reproach I need
to observe my desolation
and do something
kind about it, being
so tender to me, just
and beautiful.

Richard Elman

Richard Elman is a poet and novelist. His most recent work, Cocktails at Somoza's and Other Stories, *will be published in May 1981 by* Applewood.

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which brought her home from bouts of infidelity. From childhood on, Bogan's feelings about her mother were hopelessly ambivalent. Contradictions bristle forth when she attempts to write about her.

> I never truly feared her. Her tenderness was the other side of her terror. Perhaps, by this time, I had already become what I was for half my life: the semblance of a girl, in which some desires and illusions had been early assassinated: shot dead.

It seems likely that Bogan's continued bafflement by her parents was one major reason for the memoir's remaining unfinished. She was too scrupulous to fool herself into believing that she could adequately explain them. And even if she had been able, it seems unlikely that she would have cared to document their misfortunes in a clinical fashion. She had little liking for the confessional style in poetry that was coming into vogue late in her career. "The poet represses the outright narrative of his life. He absorbs it, along with life itself. The repressed becomes the poem. Actually, I have written down my experience in the closest detail. But the rough and vulgar facts are not there." As it is in her poetry, so it is here, in the best of her prose. Facts, whether beautiful or terrible, are not flatly denoted but powerfully intimated in Bogan's rendering of the landscapes and interiors of her childhood: the depressed New England mill towns and the seedy neighborhoods in Boston where she grew up.

Her sharpness of eye and fineness of phrasing are especially apparent in her writing about Ballardville, the small town in Massachusetts where the family lived from her seventh through her twelfth year. She describes the weather of the place, the autumn days when "half the town would lie in the shadow of a long cloud and half the town would stand shining bright, the weather vanes almost as still in a strong blast coming from one quarter as in no wind at all, the paint sparkling on the clapboards." She writes with affection and longing of her neighbor Mrs. Gardner's household, where, in flight from the strain and instability of her own, she first discovered "the beauty of a spare but planned life, in which everything was used." With fervor and a wealth of detail, she catalogues the everyday objects of this house: the piano, the painted china, the "silver card-receiver on the table in the hall." One comes to feel that she is not merely indulging in comfortable nostalgia but re-creating a vision of order that was to express itself in her poetry. "*One of everything* and everything ordered and complete"—it was with this kind of New England thrift that she ordered the lineaments of her poems, few of which go beyond a page, most of which give an impression of amplitude surprisingly at odds with their brevity.

When she learned to read, comparatively late, it seemed to her that "the door had opened, and I had begun to be free." She remembers:

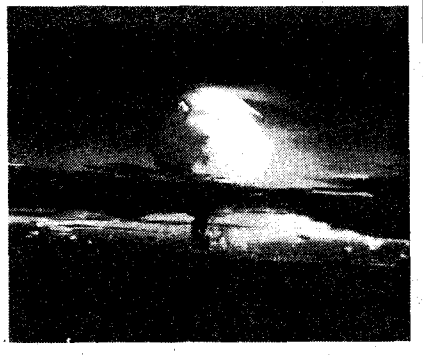
> The stove in the dining room stood out from the wall, and behind it, on the floor, with an old imitation astrakhan cape of my mother's beneath me (as a rug to discourage drafts), I began to read everything in the house. . . . The coal in the stove burns steadily, behind the mica door; I remember the feel of the ingrain carpet against the palms of my hands, and the grain of the covers of the books, the softness of the woolen cape against my knees.

Later, she notes, her escape was completed as she began to write poetry while attending Girls' Latin School in Boston:

> I began to write verse from about fourteen on. The life-saving process then began. By the age of 18 I had a thick pile of manuscript, in a drawer in the dining room—and had learned every essential of my trade.

"She did not like books with no weather in them. Or paintings in which the objects cast no shadows," Bogan writes of herself in a stray note. No observant reader of this book or of her poetry needs to be told this. She loved to chronicle changes in light; in the poems the shadow is an image of transience, a token of mortality and of the inward and outward obscurities that attend our lives. It could be said that she remains partly in shadow throughout this book. But the image serves to suggest something more than tragic foreboding: a depth and substantiality, we might say, without which existence would be impoverished. A balance, exact and unfalsifying, of darkness and light, of passion and intelligence, was what Bogan sought to capture in her writing.

Bogan's correspondence, edited by Ruth Limmer in 1973 as *What the Woman Lived*, displayed her devotion to craft and her ample, sometimes savage humor. It traced her friendships with Edmund Wilson, Theodore Roethke and other writers, which did much to bring her through hard times. Her habit in letters was to keep her troubles in the background. This new volume, austere and fragmentary though it is, deepens the reader's sense of her character by sounding its more somber notes. It makes evident the vulnerabilities with which she struggled and which she successfully



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transformed to strengths in her art.

None of her poems are badly written, many are memorable, and a few—"Henceforth, From the Mind," "Song for the Last Act," "To My Brother," "Roman Fountain"—stand among the best in English in this century. Her career was a triumph of courage and modesty. As she said, having received an honor for her writing late in her life, "Not bad for the little Irish girl from Roxbury." Not bad at all. □

A True Voice of Rock

DORIS GRUMBACH

SMOKESTACK LIGHTNING. *By John Eskow. Delacorte Press. 310 pp. $10.95.*

At my age, which is 62, it may seem presumptuous to review a book whose subtitle is "A Novel of Rock 'n' Roll." But like the young of the 1960s, I lived through the period; indeed, I had a daughter who dwelled in close proximity to an accomplished bass player for a number of rock ensembles. I watched his agonizing three-steps-forward and two-steps-backward progress, the break-up of one band and the instantaneous regrouping for another. I listened to the two talk, and was the grateful recipient of an early subscription to *Rolling Stone*. One midnight, at the invitation of the bass player, I even found myself at the back of Max's Kansas City, shut in by windowless black walls, a light show and bombardment of unremitting sound and beat that, after two hours, drove me out into the lower Park Avenue night.

Let this serve as both my disclaimer and my statement of qualification. I was too old then to enter, with any kind of legitimacy, into the rock world; but now, having been prepped in its lingo, its charged and drug-heightened visions, I can at least recognize the fine-honed authenticity in the fictional world John Eskow creates in *Smokestack Lightning*. Rarely has a first novel taken such a large and, on the whole, successful step away from the customary confessional mode of such books into the maturity of subject matter and style this one displays.

Eskow describes the lives of four rock musicians. They are all close to 30, not the boys of the radical, grassy 1960s we have come to associate with rock, but survivors who have made it to "the cusp of the 1980s." They form a group called Cakewalk. Paul Baker is a single-minded, silent, dedicated bass player whose mother runs a grocery store for summer visitors in the Hamptons; Jimmy Caine, singer and part-time high school English teacher, is married to a bright and sensitive sportswriter, Cristine; Mikey Martelli, drummer, is the neighborhood street boy who is making good and married to Carla, who has a job she enjoys as a cab dispatcher, and Alan Landreaux, child of suburban affluence, "a speed freak, at 18 already a veteran of a dozen bands," who is now, at almost 30, the uncaring resident of a broken-down East Village hovel. He plays the guitar, lives in a haze of drugs, alcohol and absolute devotion to his music and his girl Karen, who is preparing to be a stand-up comedian. Add to the performers Ollie, their bodyguard driver, caretaker, instrument hauler and loyal supporter.

Cakewalk is ready to disband when Caine makes "a contact" that saves it and sends it forward almost into success (or at least preserves it from the fate of the bins, the $1.99 last-ditch stand of the one album most small-time bands make). The most vivid sections of the novel are about the year Cakewalk moves from its practice sessions in Woodstock to traveling the country for a series of agonizing performances on its way to near fame. These scenes are so blatantly, exactly *real* that the pages seem to ache with the nastiness, the pettiness, the violence and cruelty of audiences and fellow groups, the funk of rank halls, cheap food, motels, drink and omnipresent drugs.

Hovering over the promised success for the band is the novel's somewhat melodramatic plot: Landreaux discovers that the head of a record company has been bootlegging tapes. He blackmails him in his avidity for the group's success. The executive's revenge is to have the suspicious Ollie murdered and then to separate half-mad Landreaux, the heart and soul and head and shoulders of the group, from Cakewalk. Cut away from the spirit and genius among them, the rest of the group, plus a substitute for Landreaux, achieve a great, mindless success: money, mansions, cars. Meanwhile, Landreaux, the novel's delicate child, the true-to-his-sacred-art musician, regroups and starts a new, honky-tonk band. He remains unchanged, the down-and-out junkie, the inspired guitarist faithful to his crazy vision, starting all over again.

Landreaux is the pure hero as failure, the crazy Rock Saint; Caine, the successful corrupted hero. The obvious moral of the tale is not its strength, nor is the rather awkward, seemingly unnecessary blackmail-and-vengeance plot. Eskow is quite wonderful with the language of the rock-music world: he uses it abundantly and inventively as he builds scenes of rock life. He is less skillful with events he deems necessary to the plot: the circumstances surrounding

Doris Grumbach is former literary editor of The New Republic *and the author of* Chamber Music *(Dutton). Her next novel,* The Missing Person, *will be published by Putnam's this spring.*

INVENTORY

The silence of a ladder leaning against a wall;
the hopeless whisper of a winter branch;
the sadness of the waning moon;
the cry of a sleeping child
in an undiscovered language;
the squint of a pilot's eyes;
the drop of sweat that falls
from the forehead
of a seraph who praises, terrified.

T. Carmi
(Translated from the Hebrew
by the author and Grace Schulman)

T. Carmi is one of Israel's leading poets. This poem is part of At the Stone of Losses, *a manuscript for which Grace Schulman just won a Witter Bynner Translation Award.*

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Ollie's murder are contrived, and the machinery Eskow needs to separate Landreaux from the band is more elaborate and less believable than required. These are slips of inexperience, signifying that Eskow does not recognize how strong his characters are in themselves, how wonderfully evocative their talk is.

I could choose almost any page. For example, read this one, which tells about Cakewalk's encounter with an almost-1980s punk rock group. This is early in the book, before Cakewalk's ascension and close to the moment they first decide to split:

> That night Caine, Martelli, and Landreaux went to Rock Candy to hear some old friends play. The friends, aging Dartmouth graduates, had put together a band called the Symptoms. Landreaux remembered when they wore Mylar jumpsuits and eye shadow, back in the Bowie era.
>
> Rock Candy was in a converted Yiddish theater on the Lower East Side, where seediness was strictly enforced. Unlike the honky-tonks, where Cakewalk played, the emphasis was not on abandon, but on simulating abandon. Kids from Darien checked the mirrors to make sure their swastikas weren't crooked, Punk vixens with spiky haircuts spent hours daubing their faces with anticosmetics. All of them, boys and girls, were as studious in their depravity as charm-school honor graduates.
>
> Caine enjoyed the craziness. A stubby blonde in a Richard Speck Fan Club T-shirt asked him if he was holding any heroin. She couldn't have been older than sixteen.
>
> "Naw, I'm beyond smack."
>
> "Oh, *yeah*?" the girl snarled, haughty but curious.
>
> "Yeah, I'm into shooting molten copper. The Penny Trip. You wouldn't believe it—it's like actual, clinical *death*, man."
>
> Onstage the Symptoms were tuning down for their set . . . you had to admire their stage names. Reckless Dentures. Nick Fun-O-Rama. And Caine's favorite, Cheez Whiz d'Amour.
>
> Onstage they were all snarls and self-inflicted wounds. They sang one song urging the dismemberment of senior citizens, entitled "Cut Along the Folds." Another tune was called "Forcible Electrolysis." . . . Caine thought back to his own punk days in college. Once he and Landreaux tortured the patrons of a hippie coffee house by playing a popular right-wing recitative, "Ballad of the Green Berets," twelve consecutive times on the jukebox. Maturity is lovely, Caine supposed, but he felt nostalgic for true rage.
>
> The Symptoms ended their set in a clangor of feedback and screams, as the audience spit lovingly at them.

With his memory for the telling detail, his eye for place and setting, his impeccable ear for slang, jargon, conversation, and his compassion for the people of his imagination, Eskow has made a very good novel first time out, and has all the equipment, I would surmise, to make others. □

Private Jets and Road Kills

SUE M. HALPERN

THE NEXT WHOLE EARTH CATALOG. *Edited by Stewart Brand. Random House. 608 pp. $12.50.*

Back in 1968, as the Age of Aquarius dawned on the Woodstock nation, Stewart Brand had a vision. While flying over the cornfields of Nebraska, he "slid into a reverie about my friends who were starting their own civilization hither and yon in the sticks and how I could help them." His contribution was *The Whole Earth Catalog*.

Conceived as a device to facilitate access to a brave new self-created world, the *Catalog* was a compendium of "tools," broadly defined.

> An item is listed in the *Catalog* if it is deemed:
> (*1*) Useful as a tool,
> (*2*) Relevant to independent education,
> (*3*) High quality or low cost,
> (*4*) Easily available by mail.

This allowed for the collection of information, both practical and practically transcendent, with which to launch Spaceship Earth.

As enterprising as his friends, Brand relied on his own resourcefulness to invent the *Catalog*. Homemade on an IBM composer by "three hippies in a garage," the original *Whole Earth Catalog* was sixty-four quarto pages and sold for $5, when it sold at all. The first edition of 1,000 was not widely popular. It was not until the next year, in its burst of Aquarian sunshine, that things began to get hot. With its odd assortment of goods, the 1969 *Whole Earth Catalog* became an essential purveyor of the new life style; it was bought by voyeur and voyager alike. Yet the 30,000 copies of the 1969 book were insubstantial compared to the 1,600,000 copies of the 1971 *Last Whole Earth Catalog* that were sold before the book finally went out of print in the late 1970s. In spite of all these sales and a National Book Award for *The Last Catalog*, by 1971 the dream was over and the dreambook of tools was fast becoming a quaint, dusty artifact.

Now, at a time when "alternative life style" might mean weekends in the Hamptons, comes *The Next Whole Earth Catalog*, a handsomely crafted book, almost 200 pages longer than its predecessor, with which it shares a scant 11 percent of its information. Gone are Chicanos and justice. Class highs, like cocaine and laughing gas, have made it to the drug page, which is still, curiously, in the "Learning" section. Neil Postman's *Teaching as a Conserving Activity* has supplanted his earlier book, *Teaching as a Subversive Activity*. Wood stoves, home computers and new-look condoms are featured. According to Brand, this is how it should be:

> *The Last Whole Earth Catalog* was aimed at one audience, the menstrual blood painters of the late '60s and early '70s. . . . This *Next Catalog* hopes it might be useful to three audiences. 1) Our contemporaries, who have aged into positions of responsibility (one governs California) with most of our generation's premises surprisingly intact. . . . 2) The new college age population. . . . 3) The vast citizenry that has had it with inflation.

It is not surprising, then, that *The Wall Street Journal*, absent from *The Last Catalog*, is recommended as indispensable in this revisionist volume. As earlier editions catalogued the aspirations of the Woodstock generation, *The Next Whole Earth Catalog* confirms their degeneration. This is not to suggest *The Next Catalog* is not worthwhile or engaging. It is, but on its own terms.

Despite its name and semblance of inclusiveness, the *Catalog*, in all its transformations, has never encompassed the whole earth. Selective by design, *The Whole Earth Catalog* has historically inventoried the interests of its readers and

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writers. Because those interests reflected a particular collective ethos, omissions from the *Catalog* often appeared purposeful—things one should not know, black holes of consciousness whose addition would be reductive. Since each catalog was built upon those before it, inadvertent lapses could always be repaired.

In the 1960s and early 1970s, the *Catalog*'s do-your-own-thing ethic was an anti-establishment commandment to transform alienation into a positive, creative force—opting out, not dropping out. By presenting alternatives to conventional society, the *Catalog* was less antagonistic to "the system" than merely nonobservant. Unlike *The Next Catalog*, *The Last Whole Earth Catalog* and those that went before it would not have been appropriate resources for learning how best to deal with Congress.

Distinct from its progenitors, *The Next Whole Earth Catalog* offers readers the option of buying into the system. This is indicated by what has been excised (credit unions and "Black Interest," for example), what has been attenuated (free schools, among others), what has been strengthened (small business) and what has been added. Most telling of the changes are a newly found respect for money—"Money ain't bad. Money is good"—where once there was an emphasis on doing without, as well as a section on "Politics."

The original *Whole Earth Catalog was* politics—a kind of noncompetitive individualism that located power in the ability to control one's own life and was indistinguishable from the book itself. Manipulative institutional leviathans were to be shunned, it read. This, in fact, is the message of the *Catalog*'s tangled prose statement of purpose:

> We *are* as gods and might as well get good at it. So far remotely done power and glory—via government, big business, formal education, church—has succeeded to the point where gross defects obscure actual gains. In response to this dilemma and to these gains a realm of intimate, personal power is developing—power of the individual to conduct his own education, find his own inspiration, shape his own environment, and share in his adventure with whoever is interested.

Although this statement is re-invoked in *The Next Catalog*, it stands as an antediluvian gratuity next to the "Politics" section, which makes politics a commodity, like hiking boots, to be bought, sold, or left on the shelf.

The elimination of politics from the core of *The Next Catalog* makes the book's do-your-own-thing alternatives appear appealing because they are financially expedient, instead of wholesome and, therefore, intrinsically good; the notion is no longer choosing to do your own thing as much as it is having no choice but to do it yourself. Indeed, it was this sense of economic gloom which prompted Random House vice president Jason Epstein to float the first edition of *The Next Whole Earth Catalog*, foreseeing it as something "people will need to save their lives." The abundance of survival gear in this catalog is ominous: the best gun for self-defense, a government publication called *Survival, Evasion and Escape*, foods to be stored for the impending famine, an array of underground houses certain to elude the neutron bomb, and more. It is clear, though, that Epstein's doomsday prescience is rather domestic and relates to living a relatively good life as money and resources dwindle, not to the essence of life itself. Brand, however, does not share Epstein's pessimism: "I'm editing *The Next Catalog* because I think people will have the affluence and time to use the book to refine their lives," he writes in the introduction. Consequently, the book has a schizoid character, cleaved as it is by opulence and thrift, with $10,000 home-computer systems and private aircraft sold alongside entries on how to mend clothes, insulate windows and eat road kills.

In 1971, when China was still allotted a great deal of space, *The Whole Earth Catalog* was a "big character wall" for an entire generation. Fellow travelers, passing by, would leave their mark, sending news from somewhere: the geology student writing about "rocks for building purposes" in response to a letter in an earlier edition; John Holt writing to recommend stereo components, and a sardonic soldier writing to suggest that "someone should probably review Vietnam, it is useful as a tool since it is a medium where you can get stereo and camera equipment, jewelry, clothes, women and VD rather cheaply." The whole earth resounded with the news that people were actually out there, "doing it."

But just as the China section has been pared in *The Next Catalog*, the 1980 edition is no longer what one 1971 contributor called "a big warm letter from the counterculture." Gone are messages signed love and peace. A grim Hobbesian matrix of scarcity and acquisitiveness has replaced ebullience and hopefulness. Pages are filled with reviews of books—merely secondhand tools, instead of hardware, lending little to a sense of actually "doing it," and even less to a belief in "out there." *The Whole Earth Catalog*, once considered the hip bible, has become a slick testament to the acculturation of the counterculture. □

The Search for Big Bucks

KATHERINE BOUTON

THE SEARCH FOR ALEXANDER. *By Robin Lane Fox. Little, Brown & Company. 455 pp. $24.95.*

Alexander the Great inspired a lot of tyrants. The Romans Caracalla, Scipio, Caesar, Pompey, Trajan, Julian and Nero, the Ottoman sultan Suleiman the Magnificent, and Napoleon, to name a few, all aspired to be the new Alexander. Alexander himself wanted only to be the new Achilles; he slept with a copy of *The Iliad* under his pillow. The hold of Alexander on the imagination has been persistent over the millenniums, as British historian Robin Lane Fox, in this new biography of Alexander, amply demonstrates. And if Time Inc. and the Greek Government have their way, the legend of Alexander should remain on our minds for at least the immediate future.

At a reported cost of $4 million, Time and the National Bank of Greece have undertaken to set up and promote a major traveling exhibit called, like the book, "The Search for Alexander." The show opened with considerable fanfare at Washington's National Gallery on November 16, after a preliminary summertime run in Macedonia, in northern Greece—Alexander's home

Katherine Bouton writes frequently about archeology. An article by her about Andronikos's discoveries at Vergina appears in the November issue of Quest/80.

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erritory. In spite of the hype, or maybe ecause of it (these things often seem to ackfire), critical response was mixed. The exhibit's title turned out to be more ipt than its sponsors had intended—inding Alexander among the 175 pieces n the show did indeed require a search.

There may or may not be enough Alexander in the exhibit, but there is lenty of big business—perhaps the iewest trend in the museum world. The conception and financing of the exhibit were corporate, and so was its publicizng, coordinated by the New York ublic relations firm of Ruder & Finn. In addition to standard advertising, it ncluded a more-than-standard junket o Macedonia last summer for 200 jourialists and museum types.

Time Inc. has the Alexander field ewn up. *The Search for Alexander* was ublished by Little, Brown, a Time Inc. ubsidiary, and is a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club, another Time subsidiary. The museum catalogue ($22.50; $12.95 paper) was published by Time Inc.'s New York Graphic Society. (Both the catalogue and the Little, Brown book are being sold through museums as well as bookstores.) Time-Life Television has produced a four-part series on Alexander. With this kind of marketing strategy behind it, a book like Lane Fox's, regardless of its quality, is assured maximum publicity and good distribution, even if only as a stepchild of the show.

Did we really need another biography of Alexander? According to the New York Public Library's catalogue, twenty-two such have been published since 1972. At least as many other books on Alexander (fiction, critical studies) have been published since that time, and books on Alexander published prior to 1972 fill half a drawer in the card file.

One of these is a 600-page study by Robin Lane Fox, which appeared in 1973. This time around, Lane Fox has taken a historiographic approach, weighing the relative merits of the various surviving ancient sources. Since even the four most nearly contemporary of these sources are at odds over many of the fundamental facts, such an approach is a valid and valuable way of looking at this very familiar material. Still, this is a popular and not a scholarly work, and the need to relay once again the basic biographical information in effect makes this simply another biography.

By Lane Fox's own admission, "the

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main lines are unchanged" from his first work, although he has altered his perspective on a few issues after reassessing the sources. What principally justifies the new book are two new archeological discoveries relating to Alexander. At Vergina, in Macedonia, the Greek archeologist Manolis Andronikos has discovered a complex of three royal tombs from the fourth century B.C., one of which may be that of Alexander's father, Philip of Macedon. And at Ai Khanum, in modern-day Afghanistan, French archeologists have been excavating a vast Hellenistic city, one of the many Alexandrias founded by Alexander during the eleven-year Asian campaign which ended with his death in Babylon in 323 B.C., at the age of 32. Unfortunately, the discussion of at least one of these recent finds is marred by faulty logic and too breezy a presentation of the facts.

These two finds, at the nearest and farthest reaches of Alexander's journey, amplify the written history of Alexander and begin to help straighten out some of the issues disputed by the ancients. Andronikos's finds at Vergina, in particular, along with the less spectacular discoveries at nearby Pella, the capital of the Macedonian kingdom, constitute the first substantial archeological evidence about Alexander found on his home ground.

The well-publicized finds at Vergina —the ancient Aigai, ceremonial seat of the Macedonian kings, and the site of their burial ground—include some superb frescoes and an unplundered tomb. Inside the tomb were silver and bronze vessels, leafy gold wreaths, a gold-and-silver diadem much like that depicted on pictures of Alexander and other Macedonian kings, a series of miniature ivory heads (one of which seems to be a very fine portrait of Alexander) and an exquisite gilded silver quiver decorated in relief with scenes of the sacking of a city. Two solid-gold ossuaries, each displaying the symbol of the royal house of Macedon, contained the bones of two fourth-century corpses. One was a woman. The other was a man in his 40s or 50s. Andronikos stops just short of a definitive claim that this man was none other than Philip II of Macedon.

Lane Fox praises Andronikos's exemplary caution, and then throws it to the wind. Granted, it is the amateur observer's right to speculate where the professional must be circumspect, and in the case of a reporter, a popularizer, it's almost his duty. Lane Fox's arguments that the tomb is Philip's are reasonable, at least as far as they follow Andronikos's own. But he goes too far. For instance, it's a "likely guess," he says, that one of the ivory heads may represent Olympias, Alexander's mother. Begging the question, he then turns the likely guess into an established premise and concludes that the tomb therefore cannot be that of Alexander's successor, Philip III, another candidate, because Philip III's murder was arranged by Olympias, and her portrait surely would not be found among his grave goods.

In the same chapter, Lane Fox bases a hypothesis that the occupant of a third tomb in the complex may be Philip's assassin, Pausanias, on "a text" which "on other points . . . has not been proved far wrong." He doesn't bother to name the text, which he claims puts the assassin's tomb "right by" Philip's. Although he acknowledges that it is most unlikely that Philip's assassin would have been given such an exalted burial spot (and a very rich burial), he is not deterred. The reader is. We need to know more. What is this text? What is the exact quote? What is its context?

When Lane Fox's methodology doesn't raise questions, his writing does. He never uses the past tense when he can use the past perfect, the active voice when he can use the passive, a sharp verb when a duller verb and an adverb can be substituted. One searches in vain for antecedents of loose *it*'s and *that*'s, and tries to forgive singular verbs for plural subjects as typographical errors. Clauses are coupled like cars on a freight train. Punctuation is arbitrary. One needs the patience of an archeologist to excavate a sentence like the following, about Ai Khanum: "The economic and strategic advantages to the site help to explain how a chance find by Afghanistan's former king while hunting has led on to the French excavations of a huge city ground plan on the Greek model." Or, this one, about Alexander's place in history: "By Western academics, Alexander has been hailed as the aspiring founder of a brotherhood of man or as the perpetrator of a spiraling reign of terror and his father's murder, in studies which are now looked back on as chapters in the history of his students, but not of his reign."

For all that, the book is splendid to look at. A hundred and thirty-five color plates and eighty-five black-and-white photographs retrace the route of Alexander's journey. The vast rivers and harsh landscapes—of Egypt and modern-day Israel and Syria, Iran and Iraq, Afghanistan and Pakistan, and across the Indus into India—impress upon the reader Alexander's feat as no words can. (Three of the photographers should be singled out—David Fleming, Christina Gascoigne and Robert Harding. There is also a marvelous picture of Turkomen tribesmen wheeling on horseback across a dusty plain near the Oxus River, credited only to *Time/Life*.) Illustrations of the Egyptian and Persian art and architecture that surfaced in the wake of Alexander's march are intermingled with these modern landscapes. Reproductions of later art, especially that of medieval Europe, attest to the lasting influence of the legend of Alexander. A map of Alexander's route makes handsome and informative endpapers. It's unfortunate that it mistakenly gives the year of Alexander's death as 322 B.C. And, in general, it's unfortunate that such fine illustrations are accompanied by such an undistinguished text. □

FILMS.

ROBERT HATCH

Altered States
Empire of Passion

There must before now have been movies as foolish as Ken Russell's *Altered States*, but I cannot recall one as aggressively so. Being presumably, and understandably, worried lest his work be laughed off the screen by viewers with their wits about them, he assaults them with firestorms of sound and light at intensities that the Surgeon General might deem dangerous to their health, and reinforces this physical assault with frequent references in the script to the deplorable skepticism of persons who resist hypotheses that their reason assures them are hogwash. Science fiction is not usually so belligerent, since in most cases no one tries to pretend that there is a vestige of truth in its fantasies; but *Altered States* is science fiction of a special kind. Like *Resurrection*, it seeks to profit from a current wish to believe in unverifiable marvels of the human mind, and toward that end it seeks not only to entertain but to awe its audience. We have been besieged in recent

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years by the testimony of enthusiasts who claim that by using appropriate mechanical procedures (supported more often than not by the ingestion of hallucinatory drugs) they have achieved an altered state of consciousness wherein they grasp profound truths about themselves and become attuned to the harmonies of the universe. Perhaps so. I have not gone voyaging into the unmapped realms of my own skull and therefore cannot be dogmatic on the subject. I will say, though, that *Altered States* carries the notion rather far.

Eddie Jessup (William Hurt) is a clinical psychologist, first at New York Hospital, later at Harvard, who is particularly interested in the religious experiences of schizophrenics. He himself is strongly drawn to religion, but was deprived of his belief in God on the occasion of his father's painful death. Thus bereft, he feels a need to ally himself with some other absolute in the scheme of being, and becomes convinced that we carry within our gene pools the imprints of forebears stretching back to the very source of life itself. First by immersing himself in an isolation tank, next by eating exceedingly powerful mushrooms cultivated by an exceedingly remote Andean Indian tribe and then by combining these procedures, he essays to travel back along that beckoning genetic trail.

His growing obsession, which causes him to behave at times as though he were hearing voices, sorely troubles those close to Eddie, particularly his professional associate Arthur Rosenberg (Bob Balaban) and his wife (Blair Brown). Indeed, Emily Jessup, who is herself a scientist, leaves him for a while on the ground that he has come to view their intimacies as yet another possible mode of time travel.

To this point we are still within the bounds of credibility, but the night is young. Far back in the Harvard Medical School cellars (the lower regions of this institution are seen to be as vast and confusing as the sewers of Paris) Eddie comes upon a forgotten isolation tank. Slurping a bit of mushroom juice, and with the assistance of the alarmed but compliant Arthur, he leaps into the warm liquid of the box and achieves a breakthrough. The musculature of his arms and legs begins to writhe as though moles were cavorting beneath his skin, and X-rays taken immediately on his emergence reveal anthropoid characteristics in his skeleton.

Much heartened, Eddie makes a second trip—this time unattended—to emerge presently with a low cranium, elongated teeth in a prognathous jaw, a full coat of fur, spectacular agility (the stuntman is M. James Arnett) and a disposition to clobber anything that moves. Following a pack of wild dogs—animals I do not associate with Harvard Square—he reaches the zoo, where he dispatches and partially eats a mountain sheep, falls asleep and wakes in the morning, naked but in his proper shape and somewhat perplexed to explain himself to the authorities. Mr. Hyde never spent a more active night, one that Jessup declares to have been the most satisfying experience of his life.

Obviously, Eddie will not stop halfway to Genesis. He embarks once again and this time overstrains the apparatus. The isolation tank begins to heave, the overhead plumbing buckles and parts, the cellar fills with steam and Eddie disappears in a maelstrom of sound and light that suggests the birth of a spiral nebula. However, Emily is back. Thrusting herself knee-deep into a sea of detergent suds, she gropes about and drags Eddie back from what must have been the first or second day of Creation. The next morning he tells her, in a hollowly solemn voice, that it was all a hideous mistake: there is no first principle, time does not begin or end, and therefore we must all love one another—or words to that effect.

This falderal is drawn from a novel by Paddy Chayefsky and says little for him as a writer of dialogue. The characters in *Altered States* do not converse; they "explain" to one another like actors in the commercial for decaffeinated coffee; it is a lingo bizarrely inadequate to the apocalyptic events under discussion. William Hurt, never an effervescent actor, grows in pomposity as the wonders unfold, and his companions are obliged to construct roles for themselves by shaking their heads and looking inadequate. The preview audience showed a tendency to laugh during the big scenes—bad news for this humorless film.

Nagisa Oshimas's *Empire of Passion* is a tale of sexual abandon, murder and retribution, set in a nineteenth-century Japanese village and filmed with a regard for the beauty of the seasons, of the rural structures and furnishings, and the persons of the main characters that place it at some esthetic remove from ordinary life. One views it as though turning the pages in a volume of splendid lithographs recording the stages of a distant tragedy. It is a ghost story, but haunting also in the larger sense that one succumbs to its influence as to the misty fragments of a dream.

Seki is in her 40s and comely, the wife of a decent, hard-working rickshawman and the mother of a son and daughter. Toyoji, recently home from the army, is a good-natured idler, popular enough in the village. As young men sometimes do, he finds himself powerfully attracted to the older woman. First shyly, then boldly, he woos her; she responds, and their first union releases a passion that entirely absorbs them both, blinding them to reason or moderation. Since they cannot endure to be apart, the rickshawman must die. They make him drunk, throttle him, drag his corpse through the snowy woods and drop it into an abandoned well, giving out that he has gone to seek work in Tokyo.

A few years pass. It becomes increasingly difficult to explain the husband's absence; the lovers fear to be seen together; he finds himself drawn to the well; she becomes weary with the strain of maintaining her household and fending off the questions of her neighbors. Then the ghost appears—first to her, then to other villagers. A police inspector hears rumors and becomes interested. The local landowner surprises Toyoji at the well and is found hanging from a limb above it. The lovers feel the net closing, and vow to spend three days together as man and wife. When the authorities burst in, they are clinging together, oblivious to the punishment that awaits them.

It is, you see, one of the oldest of stories, and Oshimas does not embellish it with novelties. He relies on its capacity to arouse horror and pity whenever it is told with conviction, and devotes himself to invoking the tyranny of passion in surroundings of serene loveliness. Japanese conventions for the expression of high emotion can seem extravagant, hence shallow, to Western eyes. It is a measure of Oshimas's sympathy for his couple, and distress over their intemperance, that their behavior, though clearly foreign to our manners, does not seem false. We accord them the same bittersweet grief that we feel for our own legendary lovers.

Seki is played by Kazuko Yoshiyuki; her lover by Tatsuya Fuji, who was also in Oshimas's previous film, *In the Realm of the Senses*. Takahiro Tamura is the husband. □

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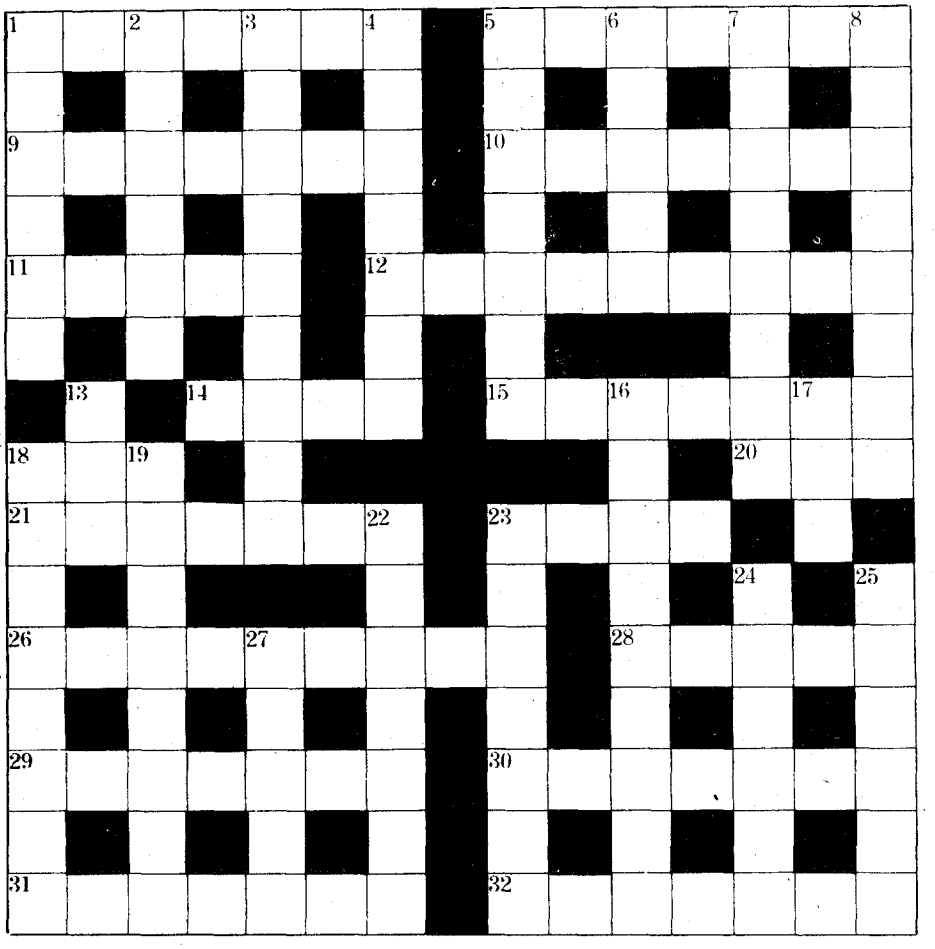

ACROSS

1 For playful scandal, you might consider one of these. (7)
5 Foils outer space journeys? (5,2)
9 More space for one in what sounds like idle gossip, but also boards, perhaps. (7)
10 Tresses? This King of Germany has quite a bit in front. (7)
11 Comes close to being a listening device running from pole to pole. (5)
12 What Moriarty did to be evil? (9)
14, 15 and 18 Implying a certain amount of camaraderie down at Robin's joint. (4,10)
20, 22, 26, 6 and 1 down In the case of the Mikado, these had nothing to do with it. (3,7,4,5,2,3,6)
21 and 32 Get a top job, and that's what you make! (You might sell something for it.) (1,4,2,7)
23 Hep ones are also 18 across—Persians, perhaps. (4)
26 See 20 across
28 Comes out easily as 15, but the Spanish shouldn't be included. (5)
29 Go over the steps again—that's one way to soak people. (7)
30 A little silver in the shop—it might be kept in this. (7)
31 Fish plants—but small ones. (7)
32 See 21 across

DOWN

1 See 20 across
2 It might follow a couple of the 18 across, being of good cheer. (6)
3 What sounds like carrots might be used to denote them, but they're nothing to what envoys have to travel on. (9)
4 Though the skunk and tiger aren't spotted, they might be this. (7)
5 Counted as being chewed out? (4,3)
6 See 20 across
7 An easy picture to take? (Of ginger cookies, right from the oven!) (8)
8 March being around is heavenly! (8)
13 You might look over the sights when taking it. (3)
16 Recent poet—implying a long Indian summer? (4,5)
17 What might start a question posed by a U.N. group? (3)
18 Mad type, perhaps, like this associated with a cape. (8)
19 A mixture of Pict and Dane evidently learned too much of it showing. (8)
22 See 20 across
23 What a topic sometimes does, like one of those 22. (5,2)
24 A young man at a concert might include it.
25 An early sectarian going off in several directions. (6)
27 Motorists sometimes hit it or a place overgrown with bushes. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1848

ACROSS: 1 Red cabbage; 6 Abet; 10 Castile; 11 Penance; 12 Alexandre Dumas; 14 Medicare; 15 Eskimo; 16 Nectar; 18 Activate; 22 Milk of magnesia; 24 Asperse; 25 Taboret; 26 Ears; 27 Cherry tree. DOWN: 1 Reclaiming; 2 Descend; 3 Animal crackers; 4 Bleeder; 5 Gypped; 7 Bengali; 9 Unquestionably; 13 Forecastle; 17 Clipper; 19 Chatter; 20 Assurer; 21 Afresh; 23 and 8 Safeties.

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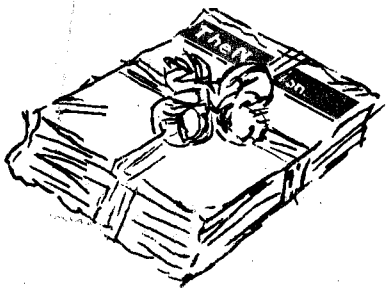

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